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### "TICKETS FOR GREENWOOD."

If the faces of the present generation of men bear any impress of their acts, they should to a superior being or a mortal observer not sharing in their spirit, look terrible and hideous. Calmly separating ourselves from the general movement of the times in certain directions—it seems to us as if the ancient faith, reverence, devotion, and all consciousness of the sanctity of life had utterly died out: that all modern civilization lay loosely upon the surface: that our earthly pilgrimage is in truth as in metaphor, a mere day's journey, a hurried scamper, from the cradle to the grave; and that all were pressing to crowd the vehicle of swiftest conveyance. How can we doubt that it is so regarded when we find in shop-windows on the common highway of our city—displayed and advertised (as if they were the mere tokens of an ordinary excursion)—passes to a burial-place—"Tickets for Greenwood." There was a time, and not very far distant, when silence was the usher to that last sacred abode; when from the shaded house the grievous pageant wound sadly forward to the church-aisle and the lonely vault; to the old country homestead; to the retired family burial-place under the green tree; and in consecrated earth the beloved remains were laid away, for ever sequestered in their resting-place as in the affections; memorable to grief and kinship—in all the agitations and chances of the after-hours. But now—alas! alas! the change—hostile systems contend for our living bodies, and we are buried by corporations. We live in mobs, and mob-like we throng to the cemetery: as if we feared to be alone. In daily proclamations: in circulars, and experimental trips, we are invited to the newly-opened grounds, as to a ball or other festive entertainment. We take stock in graveyards as we do in banks and railway schemes. They are bought by the lot at a discount: so much off, if several are taken at a time. We are stimulated to secure the best places, the choice spots, as if they were premium benches at a

concert, or private boxes at the opera. Oh, that we have come to live in such an age! No wonder—no wonder—the poets are dead! That men believe they know not what; that they doubt everything; and that they would regulate this great world, with its mountains and waters, as with a screw and lever.

It is in Mr. Berryman that our tragi-comic era finds its most perfect representative and development: Mr. Berryman, who, in his one person, exercises the double function of Sexton of the Fashionable Church and Manager of Fashionable Parties: Berryman, who wields in one hand a silver ladle to serve oysters, in the other a shovel to dig a pit for the shells: Berryman who dismisses, with Napoleonic rapidity, the coaches of a grand re-union in Fifth Avenue on a Saturday evening, that he may rally, in a few hours of interval, at the opening of the rectorate on Sunday morning: Berryman who, like the late Charles Mathews, groans on one side of his face and grins on the other: who makes a mock of life and death; and, conjuror-like, keeps the two balls in motion in the air, heeding little—like the times he represents—which of the two comes down first; and dodging with marvellous dexterity to save his head damage from either: in the great game he is playing (we speak it in no disrespect), it seems to be a matter of indifference to this ready double-dealer, whether he serves to his customers diamonds or spades: whether his white waistcoat of rejoicing or his black gloves of woe are called for. In the familiar dialect of the west, he is thar! We are inclined to believe that in the secret recesses of the soul of Berryman (as in the consideration of the era, whose truest type he is), the whole affair on both sides is regarded as a huge jest: a mere farce, rather broadly played, but of short duration; and that lying in one of these finical coffins, or sitting at ease on one of the parlor ottomans, is only a part of the pre-arranged performance: something done, as in the course of the play, merely to help the piece along: and that he looks upon these new-fangled cemeteries as no more than stage-gardens, with a fancy fence and canvas shrubbery—a mere show and make-believe—nothing more.

If we are to judge by what we see, Death—once known as the grim tyrant, the cruel enemy of our peace, the invader of households—is the Merry-Andrew of the scene: the director of Public Amusements. It is he who announces, with such boastful promise in the daily papers, the scheme of his entertainment: who invites the editors to the opening of his new play-ground: who rails in his ring with quaint fences: who engages a company of lively directors: who has an office in Wall street: who publishes fresh catalogues of his attractions in colored covers: who contrives new coffins of a patent convenience (like Mr. Rice in the Virginia Mummy), as a rare sport to get into: who takes shops of display in Broadway: and he it is who has entered into partnership with Mr. John Mace, in that great glass warehouse (a rival to the structure for the Industrial Exhibition of 1851, on the other side of the water) at the corner of Carmine street.

Life! my lively fellow—he seems to say—you are not to have it all your own way. You

have had the good things of this world long enough! My turn now, if you please: your Mrs. Furbelow has had the turbans and feathers in her drawing-room long enough—all the shows and spectacles shall not belong to the Bowery Theatre: so, my dear Mr. Mace, bring me out six iron-grey horses with sable plumes: if there are to be balls and parties for live folks—light me up, late into the evening, an undertaker's shop with transparent walls of glass, that our neighbors may see how merry we are. Let the women and children who grow melancholy with serious sports and sempstress's work in the daytime, have a roaring regale of grinning silver plates and waxen polished mahogany coffins! Come and be buried, my merry men all! A shiver, a cold sheet, a few people standing around in black coats—open the door—and you are in—ETERNITY! That's all! Thanks, Mr. John Mace, for the gentle introduction.

This is, a sad and damnable truth, the spirit of the times.

It is a part of our nature to cherish foolish hopes, to believe well of our kind; and, in our vain fancy, to contrive sanctuaries a little removed from the street and the marketplace, to remember that while we are of the earth, earthy, good Providence has assigned to us immortal souls, whose business may be in another scene, where there is no traffic, where painted fashion enters not, and where a light from far-off stars and music from distant spheres may play about our enfranchised spirits. Shall we go to that as scholars who have learned no part of their coming lesson; where, when we mumble over the topics of the exchange and the counting-room, our new fellow-citizens of the upper sphere will account us foreigners and strangers?

Oh, let us, if we can, even in the hurry and bustle of this the busiest age of the world, reserve one little domain sacred to our nobler studies. However far peaceful valleys are invaded with the whirl of new mechanisms, old lakes and rivers vexed, though the temples of worship themselves are overthrown in the furious speed of grasping barter, let the grave—the dear, sacred grave—where our fathers and mothers, our sisters and our brethren have gone before us, lie aloof, as of old, and possess a twilight peace of its own.

### MR. BRODHEAD'S VIEW OF THE DUTCH IN THE NETHERLANDS AND IN NEW NETHERLAND.

[A paper read before the Historical Society, Dec. 3, 1850.]

MR. BRODHEAD commenced by remarking, that the Dutch Republic, which, for nearly a century after it first took its place in the rank of nations, continued to sway European politics, owed its position to the moral qualities and free spirit of its people, to their form of government, to their liberal commercial policy, and to their spirit of universal toleration.

The Dutch had long been accustomed to think for themselves, to do, and to endure; they were self-relying men, in whom the habit of personal independence had preceded the hope of separate nationality. Holland was no Minerva among nations; she did not spring at once into existence, like the goddess from the brain of Jove.

It was not the revolt of the Dutch provinces



from Spain which made them a nation of patriots, any more than it was the revolt of the American Colonies from England which made them a patriotic people. The characters of both nations had been already moulded by long years of experience in self-government, and by long endurance of oppression.

Mr. Brodhead then gave a rapid sketch of the progress of the Dutch Republic, and showed that as early as the year 1477, the Dutch obtained their great charter of liberties from Mary of Burgundy, by which their towns secured at all times the right to confer with each other, and made the stipulation that no taxes should be imposed without the consent of the states. They also secured the freedom of trade and commerce. The speaker next alluded to the war against Philip the Second, and to the patriotism which the Dutch manifested through that war.

The famous manifesto of 1581 was also referred to, by which the States General asserted the great truth, that subjects are not created for princes, but the princes for their subjects, who have always a right to abjure allegiance to their sovereign. They enumerated the offences committed by Philip against the laws of the Netherlands, declaring him *ipso jure* deposed from his sovereignty in the Low Countries, and the inhabitants released from all fealty to their repudiated king.

This remarkable state paper, which was the wonder of its age, has had scarcely a parallel in history, not even excepting the declaration of rights of 1688, until it afforded a noble model for our own declaration, nearly two centuries afterwards. Thus, to Holland, said the speaker, we owe a double debt of gratitude. *She suggested to us the idea of our confederation, and furnished us with an admirable precedent for our Declaration of Independence.* Mr. Brodhead remarked that this manifesto had never been translated into English complete; and read several extracts from a translation made by himself.\* The form of government which the Dutch established in the Netherlands, continued Mr. Brodhead, proves conclusively their indomitable spirit of civil liberty.

This position was sustained by an analysis which followed, of that form of government, which they adopted, as better suited to their new position as an independent commonwealth.

It was not because Holland possessed great natural advantages that she became great. Her soil was barren, and no metal could be found within her borders; her commerce was the source of her great prosperity. Her ships soon covered every sea, and her exchange resounded with the hum of all the languages spoken by civilized man. Her prosperity was mainly owing to her liberal commercial policy. The low duties of this wise country drew all commerce to her ports; for the Dutch merchants were never the victims of protective extortion. The liberal commercial policy of the Dutch was accompanied by entire toleration in matters of faith, and by a generous statesmanship which offered a secure asylum to strangers of every race and creed. Hence her manufactures soon commanded the markets of the world. Her linens and her papers long continued to be in great demand in foreign countries.

Mr. Brodhead here remarked, that while examining the documents relating to New York, in the English archives at London, he found that the official dispatches from the colonial governors down to the stamp act troubles,

were written on paper of Dutch manufacture, bearing the Dutch water-mark.

The speaker next referred to the illustrious men of Holland in politics, war, literature, and the learned professions. The artists of Holland were also spoken of as among the first in the world. The magnificent glass windows in the Cathedral at Gouda were described as among the finest specimens of the art now existing. The Dutch were eminently a plain-spoken, industrious, frugal, charitable, well educated, and moral people. The wealth which their active industry won, was liberally expended in acts of humanity and charity. Free Schools were everywhere provided at the public expense as early as 1585, and while in the midst of their war with Spain, provision was made for the instruction of the children of all classes in the usual branches of education. Party spirit ran high in Holland, as it always will in free countries. The famous factions of the *Hooks* and *Kaabeljaws* were referred to in support of this position. None ever doubted the national credit of the Dutch. The interest of their loans was always punctually paid. These people possessed the no less striking characteristic of firmness; and nature early taught them that the existence of their country depended on their ceaseless toil, and from sire to son, the hereditary lesson was constantly repeated.

The Dutch were universally patriotic and incorruptible. During the long war with Spain not a solitary traitor was found to betray his country for gold; and Heyn, the most successful of the Dutch admirals, brought countless treasures home, without soliciting the most trifling portion to add one luxury to his frugal fare.

The children of such an ancestry, continued Mr. Brodhead, laid the foundations of our state; they brought with them to New Netherland the memory of the noble deeds of their forefathers, and the liberal ideas of their country. The speaker here took occasion to allude to the ignorance and prejudice which had heretofore existed with regard to our early Dutch history. The Dutch language, once the common language of the colony, had gradually become almost obsolete, and was now understood but by a few of our people.

With the ultimate predominance of the Anglo-Saxon race, in the American colonies, came an excessive and characteristic spirit of self-laudation. In school books, in addresses, in public lectures, the pertinacious eulogists of New England, have long been accustomed to appropriate to themselves almost all the excellences of the multigeneous American character. Such offensive assumptions detract from the honest credit due to other races, which form no ignoble portions of our Union's blended masses.

*"Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona multi."* There were those of other races than the Anglo-Saxon, who rejected the kings of men as fearlessly, and who served the King of kings as faithfully as did the English Puritans. But it has hitherto been the almost exclusive fortune of the inhabitants of New England to enjoy an endless monotony of praise. It is full time that other and less provincial chords should be struck; and the mixed annals of our common land should at length give a more generous tone to the theories of our historians.

Mr. Brodhead alluded to the many excellences of New England, and said that her children had a right to be proud. They might justly venerate Plymouth Rock, as the spot where their forefathers first touched the New World. But Plymouth Rock, said the speaker,

was not the Mecca of the descendants of those who brought English civilization to the shores of the Chesapeake, and Dutch civilization to the borders of the Iroquois. Let not New England endeavor to grasp too much, nor claim as her exclusive heritage the credit of originating all the political freedom of America.

Mr. Brodhead then referred in very complimentary terms to Mr. Bancroft's brilliant History, which had won for him such high honors at home and abroad. But in his admirable chapter upon our own state, that author directly stated, that "*in the Fatherland the power of the People was unknown,*" and that "*the large emigrations from Connecticut engrafted on New Netherland the Puritan idea of popular freedom.*"

With every sentiment of respect for Puritanism, it is not easy to assent to these propositions, said Mr. Brodhead. He then proceeded to show that popular freedom could not exist, to its full extent, when, in New England, only one fourth of the people who were members of the church had political franchise, while three fourths were disfranchised and debarred from political power. It could hardly be affirmed that the personal rights of all the community were respected and secured in the Puritan colonies of New England. The forms of government first established in those colonies were perhaps well suited to the views of the aristocratic minority of church members; but they were inconsistent with the "popular freedom" of the majority of the inhabitants. Their systems were avowedly exclusive. An orthodox church was their idea of a free State; precise conformity their rigid condition of citizenship. Their Procrustean polity, tolerating no dissent, enforced the most submissive uniformity.

Mr. Brodhead avowed his admiration of the personal character, and his respect for the religious zeal and sincerity of the early New England Puritans. But with these points he had nothing to do, on this occasion. What he meant to consider was, simply, the point whether the theory which has been so boldly urged on their behalf, *that they alone originated in America the undying principles of Democratic liberty*, was sustained by sufficient evidence? He did not think it was. Doctrinal oligarchies were proverbially among the most subtle instruments to strangle the individual liberties of the people. The intolerant governments of New England punished independence of thought with fines, and imprisonment, and exile. Honest difference of opinion upon questions of faith was considered a political crime. The General Court of Massachusetts in 1646, fined some of their colonists who asked for "popular freedom." Hutchinson, Baxter, and other victims of religious oppression, gladly sought relief and freedom in the tolerant atmosphere of New Netherland. There they at least found the liberty of conscience which was denied to them, and to Roger Williams, in Massachusetts. But did these refugees suggest the establishment, in New Netherland, of institutions based upon the "Puritan idea of popular freedom," from the severe operation of which they had themselves fled? No! They simply asked for the enjoyment in New Netherland, of the franchises of the fatherland.

Political parties were next referred to as the security of all free governments. Mr. Brodhead said that from the time of the Hooks and the Kaabeljaws, centuries before the rise of parties in England, party spirit existed and raged in Holland. There, popular freedom was a household phrase, ages before New

\* We shall present a fuller notice of this document on an early occasion.



England had even a parchment existence. The lessons which the people of the Netherlands gave to the people of England, first resulted in the establishment of the commonwealth, and afterwards in the revolution of 1688. The tree of liberty had flourished in Holland long before the persecuted Puritans of England found that abundant toleration there, which was denied them in their native land; and these Puritans themselves, probably derived many of their ideas respecting popular freedom, from that plain and simple-hearted people among whom they had sojourned.

If, at any time, some intolerance may have disgraced the administration of New Netherland, the responsibility must rest upon the colonial government. The sentiments of the people were always for liberty, and they opposed the oppressive measures which the policy of the Dutch Mercantile Co. endeavored to enforce. By degrees more liberal sentiments actuated the West India Co. The directors at Amsterdam instructed Stuyvesant in 1663, that the consciences of all should be free and unshackled. Such policy as this had made Amsterdam great. "Follow in the same steps, and you will be blessed," said the company to Stuyvesant.

Among the Dutch colonists of New Netherland, conscience and religious belief were far more free than among their Puritan neighbors at the East. The early settlers of New Netherland were not fugitives from the oppression of their fatherland. That fatherland had long sheltered the oppressed of the earth. Eschewing fanaticism, they did not seek to establish in the forests of America a despotism over opinion. They made no profession of special sanctity, and had no ambition to establish creeds; they wished to see all enjoy, in New Netherland, the "freedom to worship God" according to their convictions.

The first Dutch colonists of this state have sometimes been sneeringly called "mere traders," but they were more than mere traders; they brought with them the spirit of liberty which had inspired their fathers. The Dutch, who first settled New Netherland, were honest, plain-spoken men, who came here in pursuit of honest gain, but who brought along with them the liberal ideas, and simple maxims, and homely virtues of their country; they brought with them, too, their churches and schools, their clergy and schoolmasters. Before the end of Stuyvesant's administration, schools existed in many of the towns and villages. A Latin school was established in New Amsterdam in 1657, to which children were sent from Virginia to be taught the classics. The claim that emigrants from New England alone introduced the system of free schools into our State, is unjust to the memory of our early Dutch settlers. The children of the people were gratuitously educated in Holland long before free schools were thought of in Old England or New England. As far as circumstances allowed, the liberal system of the fatherland was introduced by the Dutch into New Netherland.

Yet for the masses of the people who first colonized this State, no claim of superiority is advanced; they made no pretensions to peculiar excellence; nor were they ambitious of appropriating to themselves the largest share of praise for whatever their ancestors may have contributed towards the grand edifice of American freedom.

The early Dutch looked upon commerce as the great liberalizer of humanity, and strove to render Manhattan as attractive an asylum for

all mankind in the New World as Amsterdam was in the Old. In the cordial welcome which the colonial Dutch gave to all emigrants, we find the evidence of that enlarged and cosmopolitan spirit, which has since made this city the hospitable metropolis of the western world.

In conclusion, Mr. Brodhead remarked that Holland had long been a theme for ridicule to English writers, and that the manners of the Dutch had been frequently described in terms of unworthy depreciation. Their history, written in an unfamiliar language, had long been a sealed book. In this country it is to be regretted that too much injustice has been done to the Dutch character. The older New England chroniclers were guided by unjust prejudices against their "noxious neighbors" in New Netherland; and American writers, in following these authorities, have too often been led to undervalue the conduct, the principles, and personal qualities of the first settlers of this State. Yet to no people in the world are we more indebted than to the Dutch for the idea of the Confederation of Sovereign States; for the noblest principles of constitutional freedom; for the most liberal examples of religious toleration; for the freest doctrines in trade and commerce; and for the purest models of private integrity and public virtue. Nowhere in the United States can men be found excelling in sincere courtesy, cultivated intelligence, steady industry, and undissembling truth, the posterity of the early Dutch settlers of New Netherland. And when the providence of God decreed that the cause of civil freedom was once more to be maintained through long years of war and opposition to oppression, their steadfast patriotism was not surpassed by that of any of the heroes in the glorious strife which made the blood-stained soil of New York and New Jersey the Flanders of America.

#### REVIEWS.

*The Roman. A Dramatic Poem.* By Sydney Yendys. London: Bentley.

A NEW Poem of several thousand lines that one can read through is of late years a novelty. In the hope of this pleasant performance and encouraged by various extracted passages in the English journals, we ordered the book the title of which we have just given. It was not to be obtained or seen at the Broadway bookstores. It is not likely to be reprinted. Some account of it, therefore, may be a novelty for our readers.

The Roman is an appeal in verse in the name of ancient liberty for the regeneration and reconstruction, in the great central power, of Italy. Its hero is a "Missionary of Freedom," disguised as a Monk, to preach "the Unity of Italy, the Overthrow of Austrian Domination, and the Restoration of a great Roman Republic." The scene opens with a party of dancers plying their festivities on an ancient battle ground. Vittorio Santo chooses the occasion to awaken the dormant sense of liberty by a bold challenge of the revellers to respect the grave of their Mother beneath their feet:—

Her name is Rome. Look round,  
And see those features which the sun himself  
Can hardly leave for fondness. Look upon  
Her mountain bosom, where the very sky  
Beholds with passion: and with the last proud  
Imperial sorrow of dejected empire,  
She wraps the purple round her outraged breast,  
And even in fetters cannot be a slave.  
Look on the world's best glory and worst shame.  
You cannot count her beauties or her chains,  
You cannot know her pangs or her endurance,  
You, whom propitious skies may hardly coax

To threescore years and ten. Your giant fathers  
Called Atlas demigod. But what is she,  
Who, worn with eighteen centuries of bondage,  
Stands mangled before the world, and bears  
Two hemispheres—innumerable wrongs,  
Inimitable glories. Oh, thou heart  
That art most tortured, look on her and say  
If there be anything in earth or heaven,  
In earth or heaven—now that Christ weeps no longer—  
So most divinely sad. Look on her. Listen  
To all the tongues with which the earth cries out.  
Flowers, fountains, winds, woods, spring and summer  
Incense,  
Morning and eve—these are her voices—hear them!  
Remember how, in the old innocent days  
Of your young childhood, these sang blessings on you.  
Remember how you danced to those same voices,  
And sank down tired, and slept in joy, not doubting  
That they would sing to-morrow: and remember  
How when some hearts that danced in those old days,  
And worn out laid them down, and have not wakened,  
Gave back no answer to the morning sun,  
She took them to her mother's breast and still  
Holds them unwearied, singing by their slumbers.  
And though you have forgotten them remember  
To strew their unregarded graves with flowers.

This is the poetical spirit of the book. The form is just sufficiently dramatic to admit of this eloquent expostulation of the preacher of freedom, whose homilies have been learnt in a young man's heart, and nurtured by those contrasts of the past and present which haunt the traveller who contemplates the remains of ancient Rome, and breathes the air of ancient Italy under the superintendence of an Austrian policeman. The Roman is a monologue of reflection; one long soliloquy in the musical language of youthful susceptibility at the wrongs of Italy. It is the book of a poet, less of a philosopher, and least of all of the statesman. How the realities of things are to be accommodated to "the desires of the mind" is not shown; how political misrule has grown up, or how it is to be extinguished, are calculations not in the writer's solution; he sees but one power outraged—the dignity of nature, and but one simple (we fear insufficient) remedy—the call of a nation for freedom. He would awaken Italy by one great trumpet blast such as would dissipate the deep dreams of fairy land. Liberty! it is a good word to conjure with; but there is more complexity in the work. Curtius plunging in his gulf, Regulus rolling in his barrel, the daggers of Brutus and Arria, work no charm in modern civilization. The idea must be patiently incorporated in the fact, for the fact alone in slowly won institutions can prevail. The rugged nurse of Austrian despotism may be the fostering she-wolf to found the fortunes of the second Rome.

But though Sydney Yendys (the mask over the face of a young poet, which, we venture to say, he will take no shame to himself in his next volume by removing) may be a poor guide for even a provisional government, he is nevertheless a poet—an English traveller, doubtless, adumbrating his experiences and dreams under the history and exhortations of this monk, Vittorio Santo. The inspiration of such a mind is Nature and the Past. The monk speaks:—

Wilt thou know that death  
Can have no part in Beauty? Cast to-day  
A seed into the earth, and it shall bear thee  
The flowers that waved in the Egyptian hair  
Of Pharaoh's daughter! Look upon that mother—  
Listen, ye slaves, who gaze on her distress,  
And turn to dwell with clamorous descent,  
And prying eye, on some strange small device  
Upon her chains—In no imperial feature,  
In no sublime perfection, is she less  
Than the world's empress, the earth's paragon,  
Except these bonds! Break them. Un-  
bind.  
Unbind Andromeda! She was not born  
To stand and shiver in the northern blast,  
Or foster on a foreign rock, or bear  
Rude license of the unrespectful waves.

Be not deceived.  
They stood on Roman, you on Parman ground,  
But yet this mould is the same ground they stood on  
The evening wind, that passes by us now,



To their proud ances was the evening wind.  
These are the hills, and these the plains, whereby  
The Roman shepherd fed his golden flocks,  
And kings looked from their distant lands, and thought  
him  
Greater than they. The masters of the world  
Heard the same streams that speak to you, its slaves.  
These rocks were their rocks, and their Roman spring  
Brought, year by year, the very self same blossoms  
(The self same blossoms, but they stood for crowns).  
The flowers beneath their feet had the same perfume  
As those you tread on—do they scorn your tread?  
They saw your stars; and when the sun went down,  
The mountains on his face set the same signs  
To their eyes as to yours.

And again, of the associations of his youth:—

Here and there  
Rude heaps, that had been cities, clad the ground  
With history. And far and near, where grass  
Was greenest and the unconscious goat browsed free,  
The leaping soil was sown with desolations,  
As though Time—striding o'er the field he reaped—  
Warmed with the spoil, rich droppings for the gleaners  
Threw round his harvest way. Frieze, pedestal,  
Pillars that bore through years the weight of glory,  
And take their rest. Tombs, arches, monuments,  
Vainly set up to save a name, as though  
The eternal served the perishable: urns,  
Which winds had emptied of their dust, but left  
Full of their immortality. In shrouds  
Of reverent leaves, rich works of wondrous beauty  
Lay sleeping—like children in the wood—  
Fairer than they. Columns like fallen giants,  
The victor on the vanquished, stretched so stern  
In death, that not a flower might dare to do  
Their obsequies. And some from sweet Ionia,  
With those Ionia bore to Roman skies  
Lay mingled, like a goddess and her mother,  
Who wear, with difference, the co-equal brightness  
Of fadeless youth. The plain thus strewn with ages  
Flowered in the sunshine of to-day, and bore me  
The Present and the Past. But there were some  
Proud changeless stones that stood up in the sun,  
And with their shadowy finger on the plain  
Drew the same mystic circle day by day,  
And these I worshipped. Honoring them, because  
It needs must be they knew the sense that sign  
Bore in the language of Eternity;  
And fearing them for that dark hand which ever—  
When I drew near their awful fice at noon,  
And, spent with wondering, sank down unconscious,  
And slept upon the turf—came back at even  
And cast me shuddering out.

In the course of the slight thread of story  
which runs through the volume, the monk  
having preached in country hamlet and town,  
to peasants, soldiers, artists, comes before an  
Austrian tribunal, and in his dungeon sym-  
bolizes his probable fate by a legend of a  
Christian victim, of the savage games of the  
Coliseum. It is a powerful picture, worthy of  
being presented at length; but we must con-  
fine ourselves to the portion reflecting the au-  
thor's taste for antiquities, than which we have  
had nothing more passionately spoken since  
the days of Childe Harold:—

Imperial Summer in hot luxury  
Reigned like a new-crowned caliph. Heavy Noon,  
Golden and dead-asleep, oppressive lay  
Athwart the sated world. I, book in hand,  
Wandered since dawn, it was my wont, those fair  
Campanian fields where ancient poets went  
To learn the fragrance of ambrosial air,  
And every nymph was Hebe—but where now,  
When the serf makes his lair where Romans dwelt,  
Nature, disdainful of the hideous trespass,  
Teaches, retributive, the wasting cheek  
How slaves should look. From early morn to eve  
My feet had roamed these plains, my heart the ages,  
And burdened with the brightness of the hour,  
I sought the shade which old Vespasian built.  
Those walls which, lest degenerate tongues disturb  
The indignant dead, we call the Coliseum—  
Those wondrous walls which, like the monument  
Of some old city of the plague, stand up  
Mighty in strength and ruin, with no more  
Decay than serves for epitaph, and takes  
Impiety from pride, and breaks the crowned  
Pillar of triumph on the conqueror's grave.

Those walls whose grey infirmities seem only  
The mood of an imperishable face,  
Awful as scars upon a Titan's brow,  
Dread as a strong man's tears. Small marvel, truly,  
With that eternal witness looking on,  
That thou, Campana! art for very shame  
True to the days of old.

Entering, I sat  
Refreshed in shadow, and like some high wizard  
In wayward hour, called with a god's caprice  
Spirits of new and old. In that doom-ring  
Of time, who would not be magician? Now,  
I sought old chronicles for Nero's house,  
That golden crown that made mount Palatine  
Royal. And those imperial halls wherein  
Cæsar is still august.

The "Roman Holiday," to which this sketch  
is the prelude, is a piece of luxurious poetical  
description:—

With strange recoil  
As at a nod, the extended scroll of time  
Rolled up full fifteen ages. That Honorius  
Who cut the world in two, gave holiday  
To all the pride of Rome. The new arena  
(For in old Rome three hundred years seemed new),  
Which great Vespasian, working for all time,  
Built up with Jewish hands (as he would sweat  
Their immortality into the stone),  
Teemed to the parapet. The sun of noon  
Shed golden evening through a slken heaven,  
Fair floating, which for clouds received the incense  
Of all the Arabies. Luxurious art  
Ennured the unwilling winds, and like toiled eagles,  
Held them through all the hot Italian day,  
Flapping cool pleasures. Ever-falling waters  
Solaced the ear, themselves beheld through fragrance,  
Till the lapped sense in soft confusion owned  
Redolent light. Behind a hedge of gold  
In the elysian field, imperial state  
Purpled the ring. High, high, and higher rose  
The babel tower of heaped up life, and o'er  
This strange rich arras, rainbow-hued and vast,  
The eternal marble, imminent, looked down,  
And the cyclopean mass of the huge walls  
Frowned from the arches. And before their stern  
And monumental grandeur, the up-piled  
Mortality was as this hand beside  
This rock hewn dungeon.

You see the play of fancy in this, like sum-  
mer lightning in the warm heavens. It is the  
promise of a rich poet's youth.

Of Music, this eloquent discourse, the  
President of a company of Minstrels to the  
Monk:—

Sir and good father,  
You see us here a humble company—  
I speak the language of the world, Sir, nor  
Affirming nor denying—(the wayfarer  
Of many lands is not responsible  
For each vernacular)—Sir, in what stature  
We may be seen by the renewing angel  
Some few years hence I say not, but you see us  
Being what we are, met to pursue an art  
Lightly esteemed, but which to name divine  
Is not the filial rapture of a son,  
Since in the change of time it hath not changed;  
Indigenous to all the earth. A spirit  
Evoked by many, but bound familiar  
To no magician yet. The equal tenant  
Of loftiest palace and of lowliest cot.  
Treading the rustic and the royal floor  
To the same step and time. In every age,  
With all the reverence that man claims as man,  
Preaching to clouted clown, and with no more  
To throned kings. The unresponsive friend—  
In such celestial wise as gods befriend—  
By turns of haughtiest monarch, humblest swain;  
And with impartial love and power alike  
Ennobling prince and peasant. Giving all,  
Receiving never. What else makes a god?  
What human art looks so divine on earth?  
And, as you tell us, seraphs in high heaven  
Find nothing worthier. Sir, accept me well,  
Let not these lutes, pipes, harps, and dulcimers,  
And outward signs of the musician's trade,  
Mis-teach you of us. Reverend Sir, believe not  
That—priests of Harmony—our service knows  
One only of her temples. Sir, we hope  
One day to serve her where the ears of flesh  
Cannot inherit; where material sounds  
Enrobe no more her pure divinity.  
And we, unnumbered by the aids of sense,  
Shall see, and in the silent universe  
Adore her. Holy Sir, each minstrel here  
Is poet also.

There are several lyrics of fine feeling and ex-  
pression, which we shall present to the reader;  
but the main force of the poem is in the ease  
and sweetness of the declamation. In parts,  
it must be admitted, the poem is tedious from  
repetition, diffuseness, and the obscurity of  
vague generalizing. It would need much con-  
densation, in the strong grasp of a manhood  
proportionate to this writer's youth, to confine  
it within the firm limits of a drama. But its  
poetic promise is unquestionable (upon which  
we have dwelt, rather than upon its subject,  
since it offers but little new to the much talked-  
of Roman question), though we have to wait  
with anxiety for its development. The bril-  
liant light of young poets is often but a brush-  
wood flame, which illumines the heavens and  
expires. It is not every sonneteer who be-  
comes a Shakspeare, or every Lycidas which  
begets a Paradise Lost.

Vala: a Mythological Tale. By Parke God-  
win. Putnam.

THERE was never better subject for a fairy tale  
than the marvellous and picturesque progress  
of Jenny Lind, which is indeed a fairy tale in  
itself. Mr. Godwin, a profound admirer of the  
quaint mythologies of the North, and versed in  
the arts connecting the world of imagination  
with the world of reality, by which Andersen,  
and Miss Bremer, and the Howitts, give ideality  
to their pictures, has turned these bountiful  
resources into a pleasant setting, a fanciful  
framework for the well known incidents in the  
life of the Swedish songstress. In doing this  
he has produced a succession of very charming  
pictures, sketched in a style at once of simpli-  
city and ornament, and with a graver thought  
or two thrown in, beyond the immediate sub-  
ject, which relieves the book from the monotony  
of a literal translation of a familiar subject into  
what we may call the technical language of the  
Sagas. Such is the glimpse of the city which  
Vala enters, to put herself under the tutelage  
of the Song-Smith:—

"There the dirty gnomes and the black alfer,  
hideous, begrimed, and distorted, were manufac-  
turing indescribable splendors, not for their own  
use, but for that of their more fortunate brothers,  
who, by a freak of the Nornas not easily explain-  
ed, had acquired and were assured an exclusive  
right to the enjoyment of all the glories of life.  
Vala made the best of her way thither, through  
long dark lanes filled with foulness and reeking  
with corruption, and came to a dilapidated den,  
swarming with repulsive creatures, some rioting in  
drunkenness, others twisted into every variety of  
deformed shape, and all bearing unmistakable  
marks of pain, endurance, and hard labor. There  
she saw that while the greater part were engaged  
in new pleasures and splendors for their more for-  
tunate brothers of the other end of the city, a few  
stood over the rest with thongs and whips to keep  
them from touching a particle of what their own  
hands had thus made. Vala was too deeply  
moved by the sights she saw and the sounds she  
heard,—sights of suffering and sorrow,—sounds of  
war and discord,—to speculate, even if she had  
been disposed, on this strange perplexity of condi-  
tion. She ascended mournfully to the little cell  
which she had been compelled to select for her  
own occupancy, during the period of her prepara-  
tory discipline."

This Song-Smith, by the way, is very happily  
introduced in his workshop:—

"He lived in a spacious hall, that seemed to be  
constructed entirely out of the lungs of mortals,  
save that the floors were made of box-wood, the  
sleepers of brass, and the beams of catgut. On  
the sides stood confused crowds of inanimate  
figures, most of them grotesque and monstrous,  
but a few graceful and pleasing. They were,  
however, inanimate only when left alone; for if a  
stranger touched them, they gave out the fearfulest  
sounds that were ever heard in the witches' chorus  
on the Brocken—sighs, shrieks, gibbers, hisses,  
wails, and roars. They would scream like an in-  
fant in agony; they would howl like brutes in their  
rage; they would chatter like ghosts in the cold  
moonlight; and they would groan and whistle and  
tramp like hyenas in a wood. But let a friend or  
familiar approach them, and suddenly, their hide-  
ous screeching would change into Eolian harmo-  
nies, more sweet and fascinating than the mystic  
runes engraven on tongue of the eloquent Bragi."

The personification of the Drama in the  
Changeable Lady, is a cheerful embodiment of  
a poetical theme:—

"After a while, Vala ran back, but now she re-  
marked what she had not before noted, that this  
singular lady was not merely dressed in a species  
of changeable silk, as she had supposed, but that  
the dresses had the wonderful property of changing



themselves as often as they pleased. Sometimes they were silk, but at other times they were velvet, and gingham, and coarse linsey-woolsey; and at others again they were mere tatters and rags. Vala was greatly surprised at this, and she looked at the strange metamorphoses those dresses were all the while undergoing with utter bewilderment and awe.

"But her astonishment rose to a higher pitch when she saw that the Lady herself, as well as her dresses, was passing through an endless series of rapid and brilliant transformations. At one time she seemed to be a queen, shining with jewels; at another, a village maiden, with baskets of flowers; and then a withered beldame with distaff and spindle. But whether old or young, a beggar or an empress, she yet, by some peculiar art, contrived always to retain her own personal consciousness and life."

Not less attractive, in a different way, is the home picture of Vala stealing up the stairway to bed, first looking at the stars, repulsed by the indifference and isolation of her father, and cheered by the sympathy and legends of her mother. The birds, of course, play their appropriate parts in this fanciful life history, which is so pretty and agreeable that we might be tempted to disbelieve it altogether, had it not, by its side, so indubitable a reality of the every day world as P. T. Barnum.

The pantomime ends with the fall of a new drop curtain, effectively painted by Mr. Rossiter, with the great globe rolling in space (partially invested with clouds), several angels grouped above supplanting the Christmas anthem with a device, a modern improvement of a certain school in taste;—"Glory for ever to Art."

Of the lyrics scattered through the volume the reader will be pleased with the simplicity and appropriateness of this from Chamisso:—

#### RETROSPECT.

In dreams I go back to childhood,  
I shake the years from my head;  
How the images draw me homeward,  
Which I thought so long since dead.

High o'er the umbrage there glimmers  
A castle which stands alone,  
I know its broad towers and turrets,  
Its gates and bridges of stone.

From rusty armorial bearings,  
The lions look friendly and true,  
I greet the familiar old objects,  
As I hasten the court-yard through.

There lies the Sphinx, at the fountain,  
And there the grey fig tree gleams.  
There in the shade of the casement,  
I dream my earliest dreams.

I walk in the silent chapel,  
I seek my ancestors' grave,  
There is't; and there, from the pillars,  
Hangs the old helmet and glaive.

My eyes through their mist see legends,  
But ah, can read them no more,  
Though clear from the painted window,  
The light falls broad on the floor.

Home of my fathers! how plainly  
I see thee now face to face,  
Yet thou from the earth hast perished,  
The plough goes over the place.

Be fruitful, I bless the meadow!  
So sad, yet pleasant to me,  
And I bless him doubly, whoever  
May drive the plough over thee.

For me, I will fold up my feelings,  
Will take my harp in my hand,  
And over the earth as I wander  
Go singing from land to land.

The wood cut illustrations, with some evidences of haste (it was only a few weeks since that this holiday publication was contemplated), are appropriate in design and character, and exhibit what our own artists are ready to do for the publishers in book decoration when called upon; but time must be given to the engraver. Hicks, Rossiter, Walcutt, and Whitley are the artists of the volume. The

first contributes a vigorous sketch of the dark Fates of the Old World, Walcutt the most numerous Germanesque groups and interiors, succeeding much better in his imps, which are of true Brocken grotesqueness, than in his ordinary mortals, who seem of cheese-knife fashioning. His mélange of theatrical properties on p. 33 is one of the best things in the book. It is a vision such as one might have in a nightmare after seeing the Ravels. Rossiter, we presume, furnishes the two pleasing vignette landscapes. Several drawings by Mr. Duggan, the reader will share our regrets, were reluctantly omitted.

*The Life and Correspondence of Robert Southey.* Edited by his Son, the Rev. Charles Cuthbert Southey. Part V. Harpers.

#### [SEVENTH PAPER.]

WE pursue our extracts from this volume of Southey's Life. Our readers who have looked forward with interest in their day to the successive productions of his living hand will not begrudge a few additional pages occupied with the last relics, the remains of Robert Southey. Extended as this publication of the Letters by his son undoubtedly is, and apparently exhaustive of the correspondence, no admirer of Southey could well wish it briefer. It is, of course, as the private communications of such a man must always be, a key to his real character; it is also a running gloss upon his many writings. No one can appreciate Esprilla's Letters or understand Doctor Daniel Dove, who does not look for the original here. You will find Dr. Southey at home, *equitans in arundine longâ* as in his "Punchy" history of his being "ell-ell-deed" at Oxford, the genuine parent of the vagaries of the Bhow Begum. Every parent should know, for the sake of his children, how well he tells the story of the "Three Bears" in that book. Let him put by the side of it this story, written home to his son and present biographer, then a child, from his visit to Bilderdijk in Holland. The stork was the property of the Leyden poet's son:

#### TALE OF A STORK.

"I must tell you about his stork. You should know that there are a great many storks in this country, and that it is thought a very wicked thing to hurt them. They make their nests, which are as large as a great clothes basket, upon the houses and churches, and frequently when a house or church is built, a wooden frame is made on the top for the storks to build in. Out of one of these nests a young stork had fallen, and somebody, wishing to keep him in a garden, cut one of his wings. The stork tried to fly, but fell in Mr. Bilderdijk's garden, and was found there one morning almost dead; his legs and his bill had lost their color, and were grown pale, and he would soon have died if Mrs. Bilderdijk, who is kind to everybody and everything, had not taken care of him, as we do of the dumbeldores when they have been in the house all night. She gave him food, and he recovered. The first night they put him into a sort of summer-house in the garden, which I cannot describe to you, because I have not yet been there; the second night he walked to the door himself that it might be opened for him. He was very fond of Lodowijk, and Lodowijk was as fond of his *oyevaar*, which is the name for stork in Dutch, though I am not sure that I have spelled it rightly, and they used to play together in such a manner that his father says it was a pleasure to see them; for a stork is a large bird, tall and upright, almost as tall as you are, or quite. The *oyevaar* was a bad gardener; he ate snails, but with his great broad foot he did a great deal of mischief, and destroyed all the strawberries and many of the smaller vegetables. But Mr. and Mrs. Bilderdijk

did not mind this, because the *oyevaar* loved Lodowijk, and therefore they loved the *oyevaar*, and sometimes they used to send a mile out of town to buy eels for him, when none could be had in Leyden.

"The very day I came to their house the stork flew away. His wings were grown, and most likely he thought it time to get a wife and settle in life. Lodowijk saw him rise up in the air and fly away. Lodowijk was very sorry, not only because he loved the *oyevaar*, but because he was afraid the *oyevaar* would not be able to get his own living, and therefore would be starved. On the second evening, however, the stork came again and pitched upon a wall near. It was in the twilight, and storks cannot see at all when it is dusk; but whenever Lodowijk called *Oye! oye!* (which was the way he used to call him), the *oyevaar* turned his head towards the sound. He did not come into the garden. Some fish was placed there for him, but in the morning he was gone, and had not eaten it; so we suppose that he is married, and living very happily with his mate, and that now and then he will come and visit the old friends who were so good to him."

This visit to Bilderdijk (who was himself a kind of Dutch Southey) at Leyden in 1825, is a highly characteristic portion of the Correspondence. The quaintness, retirement, learned character, isolated historical grandeur of Holland, with the kindness of its inhabitants and their appreciation of his literature, seem to have always affected Southey's imagination—and well they may, for to an Englishman or American Holland is a second home. You find there, with an aromatic odor from the courage and learning of the past, a spirit of pure hospitality in the present. Antiquities, art, science, the good Dewitt, the invincible House of Nassau, the influences of Rembrandt and Rubens, of Boerhaave and Grotius, are about you as you walk the streets of the Hague or penetrate the old Botanic garden of Leyden. It is a picture framed and set apart by itself, with which the distractions of modern Europe do not meddle. A Dutch author or bookseller,\* or merchant, is probably nearer to the same beings of two hundred years ago than in any other part of the continent. The houses are such as New Yorkers inherited from them when our island was first occupied. They are unlike the dirty or cloistered recesses of other old cities, of France for instance; opening frankly and cheerfully on the street with beckoning doors and windows that glance upon you as you pass by. Within, the very soul of careful, prudent, abounding hospitality reigns. It is a lucky circumstance for a traveller when he finds himself in the interior of a Dutch mansion—Southey, with most favorable opportunities for observation, will tell you what passes there. Madame Bilderdijk had translated one of Southey's productions, and when on the latter's visit to Holland, a disabled foot laid him up at Leyden, it was the most natural Dutch thing in the world for his friend to insist upon keeping him at his house

\* A picture of one by Southey is worth quoting:—"A visit to Verbeyst, however, the great bookseller of Brussels, from whom, in 1817, he had purchased the *Acta Sanctorum* (fifty-two vols. folio), and many other valuable works, brought back pleasant remembrances. 'Right glad,' he says, 'I was to find him in a larger house, flourishing to his heart's content, and provided with books to mine. He has more than 300,000 volumes, among which I passed the whole morning, till it was time to go to the bankers' before the hours of business had elapsed. On our return (for Neville was with me) Verbeyst had provided claret, Burgundy, and a loaf of bread, on which I regaled; and with the help of his wife, the handsome, good-natured woman whom I saw eight years ago, we made out some cheerful conversation. Verbeyst tells me he is building a house on the Boulevards; the *salle* is as large as the whole house which he now occupies, the whole edifice big as the dwelling of an English lord, and the garden as large as the Grand Place. I am glad that the world goes so well with them.'"



till recovery. Behold Southey, then, at home in Leyden. Our New York readers will appreciate the picture:—

#### A DUTCH MENAGE.

"You will expect to hear something of the establishment into which I have been thus, unluckily shall I say, or luckily, introduced. The house is a good one, in a cheerful street, with a row of trees and a canal in front; large, and with everything good and comfortable about it. The only child, Lodowijk Willem, is at home, M. Bilderdijk being as little fond of schools as I am. The boy has a peculiar, and, to me, an interesting countenance. He is evidently of a weak constitution; his dress neat, but formal, and his behavior towards me amusing from his extreme politeness, and the evident pleasure with which he receives any attempt on my part to address him, or any notice that I take of him at table. A young vrouw waits at table. I wish you could see her, for she is a much odder figure than Maria Rosa appeared on her first introduction, only not so cheerful a one. Her dress is black and white, perfectly neat, and not more graceful than a Beguine's. The cap, which is very little, and has a small front not projecting further than the green shade which I wear sometimes for my eyes, comes down to the roots of the hair, which is all combed back on the forehead; and she is as white and wan in complexion as her cap; slender, and not ill made; and, were it not for this utter paleness, she would be rather handsome. Another vrouw, who appears more rarely, is not in such plain dress, but quite as odd in her way."

How often we have seen that "wan complexion" of the "young vrouw" in Dutch paintings. In a letter to his wife we have the invalid's history of a day:—

"\* \* \* This is our manner of life. At eight in the morning Lodowijk knocks at my door. My movements in dressing are as regular as clock-work, and when I enter the adjoining room, breakfast is ready on a sofa-table, which is placed for my convenience close to the sofa. There I take my place, seated on one cushion, and with my leg raised on another. The sofa is covered with black plush. The family take coffee, but I have a jug of boiled milk. Two sorts of cheese are on the table, one of which is very strong, and highly flavored with cummin and cloves: this is called Leyden cheese, and is eaten at breakfast laid in thin slices on bread and butter. The bread is soft, in rolls, which have rather skin than crust; the butter is very rich, but so soft that it is brought in a pot to table, like potted meat. Before we begin Mr. B. takes off a little grey cap, and a silent grace is said, not longer than it ought to be; when it is over he generally takes his wife's hand. They sit side by side opposite me; Lodowijk at the end of the table. About ten o'clock Mr. Droesa comes and dresses my foot, which is swathed in one of my silk handkerchiefs. I bind a second round the bottom of the pantaloons, and if the weather be cold I put on a third, so that the leg has not merely a decent, but rather a splendid appearance. After breakfast and tea Mrs. B. washes up the china herself at the table. Part of the morning Mrs. B. sits with me. During the rest I read Dutch, or, as at present, retire into my bed-room and write. Henry Taylor calls in the morning, and is always pressed to dine, which he does twice or thrice in the week. We dine at half past two or three, and the dinners, to my great pleasure, are altogether Dutch. You know I am a valiant eater, and having retained my appetite as well as my spirits during this confinement, I eat everything which is put before me. Mutton and pork never appear, being considered unfit for any person who has a wound, and pepper, for the same reason, is but sparingly allowed. Spice enters largely into their cookery; the sauce for fish resembles custard rather than melted butter, and is spiced. Perch, when small (in which state they are considered best), are brought up swimming in a tureen. They look well, and are

really very good. With the roast meat (which is in small pieces), dripping is presented in a butter-bout. The variety of vegetables is great. Peas, peas of that kind in which the pod also is eaten, purslain, cauliflowers, abominations, kidney beans, carrots, turnips, potatoes. But, besides these, many very odd things are eaten with meat. I had stewed apples, exceedingly sweet and highly spiced, with roast fowl yesterday; and another day, having been helped to some stewed quinces, to my utter surprise, some ragout of beef was to be eaten with them. I never know, when I begin a dish, whether it is engared or will require salt; yet everything is very good, and the puddings excellent. The dinner lasts very long. Strawberries and cherries always follow. Twice we had cream with the strawberries, very thick, and just in the first stage of sourness. We have had melons also, and currants—the first which have been produced. After coffee they leave me to an hour's nap. Tea follows. Supper at half past nine, when Mr. B. takes milk, and I a little cold meat with pickles, or the gravy of the meat preserved in a form like jelly; olives are used as pickles, and at half past ten I go to bed. Mr. B. sits up till three or four, living almost without sleep."

On his return to Keswick, Southey did not forget his friend. He thus gathers up his impressions, in a letter to Bishop Jebb:—

#### BILDERDIJK.

"He is above seventy years of age, and considering what he has gone through in mind and body, it is marvellous that he is alive. From infancy he has been an invalid; and in childhood was saved, after his case was pronounced hopeless, by a desperate experiment of his own father's—to change the whole mass of his blood by frequent bleeding. But, in consequence, his system acquired such a habit of making blood, that periodical bleeding has been necessary from that time; and now, in his old age, after every endeavor to prolong the intervals, he is bled every six weeks. His pulse is always that of a feverish man. He has never slept more than four hours in the four-and-twenty, and wakes always unrefreshed, and in a state of discomfort, as if sleep exhausted him more than the perpetual intellectual labor in which he is engaged. None of his countrymen have written so much, or so variously, or so well; this is admitted by his enemies; and he has for his enemies the whole body of Liberals and time-servers. His fortune was completely wrecked in the Revolution; and having been the most confidential and truest friend of the Stadholder, he has received the usual reward of fidelity after a Restoration. The house of Orange, like other restored families, has thought it politic to show favor to their enemies and neglect their friends. A small pension of about £140 is all that he has; and a professorship, which the king had promised, is withheld, lest the Liberals should be offended."

"His life has been attempted in popular commotion; he has almost wanted bread for his family in exile, having had eight children by a first wife, seven by the present! one boy of twelve years old is the only one left, whose disposition is everything that can be desired, but his constitution so feeble that it is impossible to look at him without fear. The mother is four-and-twenty years younger than her husband, and in every respect worthy of him; I have never seen a woman who was more to be admired and esteemed for everything womanly; no strangers would suppose that so unassuming a person was in high repute as a poetess. Bilderdijk's intellectual rank is at once indicated by his countenance; but he is equally high-minded and humble, in the best sense of these epithets; and both are so suited to each other, so resigned to their fortunes, so deeply and quietly religious, and, therefore, so contented, so thankful, and so happy, that it must be my own fault if I am not the better for having known them."

Here we must close, not, however, without

a reference to a capital letter to Henry Taylor (dated Dec. 31, 1825), in which there is an amusing notice of Coleridge, with some hints on the "conduct of the understanding," which worked so well with Southey, in the production of multifarious and good books.

"The rules for composition appear to me very simple; inasmuch as any style is peculiar, the peculiarity is a fault, and the proof of this is the easiness with which it is imitated, or, in other words, caught. You forgive it in the original for its originality, and because originality is usually connected with power. Sallust and Tacitus are examples among the Latins, Sir T. Brown, Gibbon, and Johnson among our own authors; but look at the imitations of Gibbon and Johnson! My advice to a young writer is, that he should weigh well what he says, and not be anxious concerning *how* he says it; that his first object should be to express his meaning as perspicuously, his second as briefly as he can, and in this everything is included."

"One of our exercises at Westminster was to abridge the book which we were reading. I believe that this was singularly useful to me. The difficulties in narration are to select and to arrange. The first must depend upon your judgment. For the second, my way is, when the matter does not dispose itself to my liking, and I cannot readily see how to connect one part with another naturally, or make an easy transition, to lay it aside. What I should bungle at now may be hit off tomorrow; so, when I come to a stop in one work, I lay it down and take up another."

"The advice I would give any one who is disposed really to read for the sake of knowledge, is, that he should have two or three books in course of reading at the same time. He will read a great deal more in that time, and with much greater profit. All travels are worth reading, as subsidiary to reading, and, in fact, essential parts of it: old or new, it matters not—something is to be learned from all. And the custom of making brief notes of reference to everything of interest or importance would be exceedingly useful."

*The Greek Exile; or, A Narrative of the Captivity and Escape of Christophorus Plato Castanis during the Massacre on the Island of Scio by the Turks, together with various Adventures in Greece and America.* Written by himself. Phila.: Lippincott, Grambo & Co.

MR. CASTANIS saves his reviewers some trouble by the comprehensiveness of his title-page. Little remains to be added to that record of the book. The author was a child when the fearful massacre of the inhabitants of Scio by the Turks took place—that fearful instance of Moslem barbarity which carries us back to the shadowy times of the Crusades, and revives that feeling of horror and vague dread which the name of Paynim Turk inspired. His tender years prevented his life and his biography finding a speedy termination from a Turkish scimitar, the captives of his age being reserved for servitude. The author is twice "sold to slavery." Here is a lively description of a mistress into whose hands he fell, apparently an oriental version of "fat, fair, and forty."

"A short description of Osman's wife is an index of the prevailing taste of her countrywomen. Her excessive embonpoint was no hindrance to her activity, in early rising; for she awoke the first in the family to smoke the *tehibouk*, and sip a cup of coffee. The first disturbance to my sleep was the clapping of her hands together, and her shout, 'Oglan!' (boy). Her toilet was a graphic and picturesque affair, not for the artist, but for the paint which she lavished on her charms. The brush



reddened her lips, whitened her cheeks here and gave them a rosy tinge there, blackened her eyebrows, and marked with henna the half of each finger nail. One fact is interesting to ladies whose ringlets wear a fiery comet-like beauty, christened by poets golden or auburn for euphony. With a taste which the highest imagination might admire, she painted her grey locks with the color of red. Such is the partiality of the race for flaming tufts! By a peculiar fondness for unnatural attractions, she dyed her teeth black. Anacreon ranted about ivory teeth, but some Mussulmen are crazy after the ebony-jawed nymphs. By a taste common among savages, her forehead was tattooed, an artificial embellishment more rarely adopted since European taste has made inroads upon the land of Harems."

Here is a Paynim of the old stamp, who might have sat as the original of all the "Saracens' Heads" of the ale-houses of Christendom:—

"My master was over six feet in height, with huge eyebrows, blood-shot eyes, and long black beard, with a stately form and dignified bearing. But his disposition was ferocious in the extreme, and exasperated by a sickness which prevented him from going abroad to try his scimitar. Having been once executioner to the Pasha, he possessed such a passion for destroying human life, that he was uneasy without an opportunity for the exercise of his deadly talent. He sent a request to the soldiers to obtain two of the peasants who were destined to be slain. They were accordingly led bound into his garden, where he met them, and glutted his rage by beheading them, and leaving their corpses to be dragged away by the Israelites. Such an inhuman scene, in a tragedy or romance, would appear unnatural, but in reality there are many occurrences which could enter no imagination except that of the perpetrators of such crimes."

The author escapes from slavery, and from his desolate native isle; and, after some other vicissitudes of fortune, falls in with Dr. Howe, an emissary of the American Philhellenes, as our author classically entitles the sympathizers with his country's fortune. He is taken on board the American supply-ship by the kind influence of this distinguished philanthropist, and accompanies the vessel on her tour of the Archipelago, and her return voyage to America. Among the supplies sent by liberal hands from America to Greece were sundry articles of clothing, which the donors would have done well to have modelled more on the Greek type of costume. The embarrassments of the recipients are set forth in a style not lacking in humor.

"A comico-tragic scene followed upon shore when the distributions commenced. Stout warriors threw off their ragged flowing tunics, and arrayed themselves in tights. The transformation was instantaneous and farcical, attended with laughter and jesting. Some were ambitious of Americanizing the whole dress; others mingled the Greek and American attire together. Some wore their caps to keep their hats from falling off; others wore the pants for drawers, and the Greek tunic over them. Some wore the vest without the girdle; others preferred to gird all their habiliments without the aid of suspenders. The men had sober things to deal with, compared with the amusement of the women. The tight corsets and the bishop's sleeves sent to them from the American ladies' associations excited reiterated peals of laughter. For convenience's sake, and to save cloth, some used the sleeves as work-bags, or shaped them into gowns for children, after unravelling the pucker and the plait."

We need not follow Christophorus to our own shores, where he was moderately lionized. He makes a visit to his native country, and returns here, where he appears to be at present

residing. The latter part of the work is devoted to the present condition of Greece, and an essay on modern Greek or Romaic. There is an odd jumbling of the new and old in the Athens of our day, judging from the classical cognomen bestowed on those prosaic conveniences, the omnibuses, which ply from the Piræus to the capital, to wit—*navrotopia*. This sounds to us excessively cockneyish.

#### DR. ANTHON'S CLASSICAL DICTIONARY.

We find in the "Proceedings of the 10th Assembly of German Philologists, Schoolmen (as the Germans call them), and Orientals, held at Basle in Switzerland," an article from the learned and venerable Professor Creuzer, of Heidelberg, containing some remarks on the Classical Dictionary of our countryman, Dr. Anthon, and of his predecessor, Dr. Lemprière. We subjoin a translation of the portions relating to these works:—

"In the revolutionary year, 1789, Dr. Lemprière appeared before the British public with a *Bibliotheca Classica*, and the 'Monthly Review' remarked in relation to it, that the author had made by its publication a revolution in classical literature:—'The book has become a standard, has been introduced into all our colleges, transplanted to the colonies, and in the mother country has been frequently reproduced in new editions.'

"Moreover, a Dutch philologist, sensible of the want of a *Bibliotheca Classica* for gymnasia and universities, hailed with joy this English publication, and adopted it as the basis of his own work, which, according to the custom of his country, he wrote in Latin. But he soon discovered that Lemprière had copied the greater part from the historical dictionaries of Rob. Stephens, Lloyd, and Hoffmann, and that what he had borrowed from others or added himself rested upon authorities so feeble or suspicious, or was so superficially executed, that the able scholar of whom I am speaking was obliged to commence his work anew, and to return to the ancient writers themselves and their best commentators.

"In England and in the British dominions generally, Lemprière has pretty much maintained his position; but in America he has experienced a different fate, especially in more recent times, so that Charles Anthon, Professor in Columbia College, New York, in the preface to the fourth edition of his *Classical Dictionary*, declares himself entirely independent of him, and says, 'that the opinion is becoming more and more decidedly general, that the classical dictionary of Dr. Lemprière was by no means entitled to the claim of infallibility; nay, indeed, that it was defective throughout.' This coincides with what the Dutch philologist above mentioned perceived and expressed nearly fifty years ago. To the New York editor we must, moreover, concede that he is most zealously employed in still further improving and enriching his work, so that in the latest edition (New York, 1843) in double columns of very fine but distinct print, it fills 1451 pages of large lexicon-size.

"As I am obliged, in order to leave time for more important addresses before this assembly, to study extreme brevity, I shall here allude to only one department of the dictionary, that of mythology. In this department even the encyclopædia of Ersch and Gruber proved to be very unsatisfactory, until men like Jacobs, Meier, and K. O. Müller, besides other efficient collaborators, afforded their assistance. That in this as in other departments the American scholar has, in the later editions, accomplished more than all others, seems to judge from their preface to the fourth volume, not to have come to the knowledge of the continuators of Pauly's 'Real-Encyclopædie,' and indeed they do not mention the New York work at all; on the other hand, however, it must be acknowledged that they have of late, by obtaining the services of other collaborators, such as Preller, Westermann, and others, in the departments of

Mythology, of History of Literature, and of History in general, endeavored to secure to their work a constantly increasing value.

"In respect of mythology we note this characteristic feature in the New York Lexicographer, that in the preface to the latest edition of his book he declares, that in these articles he has faithfully and impartially communicated the views of the two German schools (the mystical and the antimystical, i. e. Creuzer's and Lobeck's). Although I have at all times taken pains to treat that which is mystical in a rational manner, I must yet submit to this designation, which I can the more readily do, as he immediately adds, 'although the author cannot doubt but that the former will appear to the student by far the more attractive one of the two.' But perhaps he will, in future editions, imitate the example of Mr. Heffner, who has dedicated his 'Religion of the Greeks and Romans' to J. H. Voss, to Gottfried Hermann, to Lobeck, to K. O. Müller, and to me, and has thus adopted the most comprehensive mythological eclecticism; a mode of procedure, which may, perhaps, in an encyclopædic dictionary be regarded as the very best.

"The American scholar has also, in various instances, propounded opinions of his own. Of these I select, in conclusion, an example, which the continuators of Pauly's encyclopædia will very soon have an opportunity of examining. The author maintains that Orpheus was of Hindu origin, and a worshipper of Buddha; that he spread the religion of this deity from Northern India, over Tartary, and even as far as Thrace; and that his name, derived from *orpos*, designates his dusky Hindu (complexion)."

*A New Memoir of Hannah More.* By Mrs. Helen C. Knight. New York: M. W. Dodd. A book which has the charm of enthusiasm and a sincere devotion to its subject; circling, too, about that delightful society of which Dr. Johnson was the grand centre. The style is simple and direct; the incidents are given without affectation or disguise; and altogether the work is calculated, by its candor and freedom from bigotry, to do not a little in placing Hannah More in an engaging light. The typography and style of the work are in every way highly creditable to the judicious publisher.

*The Great Metropolis; or, New York Almanac for 1851.* H. Wilson. The seventh annual publication of this comprehensive little manual. It contains an almanac, blank memoranda, a description of the city, lists of civic officers, a street directory, &c., &c.

*Alice Singleton.* By Mrs. S. Henderson Smith. John Wiley. A religious tale, written with facility, accompanied with several brief specimens of verse.

*Whisper to a Bride.* By Mrs. Sigourney. Hartford: W. J. Hamersley. A second edition of an approved holiday book of the last season.

*The Rose-Bud: a Juvenile Keepsake.* By Susan W. Jewett. Phila.: G. S. Appleton. A little volume of familiar prose and verse: a gift-book for the young.

*Gift for Young Ladies.* By Emily Vernon. Hartford: W. J. Hamersley. An elegant little volume for the pocket, with more than the usual taste in its selections from Miss Barrett, Moir, Wordsworth, and others.

*Goodrich's History of all Nations.* 23—26. Wilkins, Carter & Co. This popular encyclopædia is now approaching its completion. Thirty numbers will form the entire work.

*Shakspeare's Dramatic Works* Part 29. Phillips, Sampson & Co. This includes *Coriolanus*, with a portrait of Virgilia, and completes the fifth volume.

*Stephens' Farmer's Guide.* No. 13. Scott & Co. The present number of this comprehensive work is occupied with the culture of the turnip, the carrot, maize, &c.

Part 14 of Garrigue's *Iconographic Encyclopædia* illustrates in a series of spirited engravings the modes of fighting of various nations and various



periods; the apparatus of armor, weapons, banners, the parade of chivalry, the triumphal procession and monument. The letter-press of this valuable publication has reached the sections of Planography and Geology.

CATALOGUE RAISONNÉ  
OF BOOKS NOT REPRINTED HERE.  
(Prepared from the Best Authorities.)

*Geschicht der Socialen Bewegung in Frankreich von 1789 bis auf unsere Tage.* Von L. Stein. In drei Bänden. Dritter Band. Leipzig: 1850. History of the Socialist Movement in France, from 1789 to our Day. Third volume, pp. 428.—This volume completes the very elaborate and philosophical work upon French Socialism, the first volume of which was published three years ago. Professor Stein surveys the field from the point of view of a German monarchist, and all his observations upon France are made with an eye to the future of Germany. His first volume treated of society, especially of the working-class, and of the development of the idea of equality in France before the last Revolution. The second volume gave a full and thorough examination of the Socialists and Communists, and their various theories, and closed with a very voluminous appendix upon the events and doctrines of 1848. The volume which now closes the work discusses the theory of monarchy and republicanism, and the supremacy of the industrial classes since the revolution of February. He regards the election of Louis Napoleon as the triumph of the great majority representing the business interests of France, who desired the restoration of a civil power which should be beyond the sway of conflicting parties, and which promised the nearest approach to royalty, without its odium.

The great hope for Germany, in Prof. Stein's view, lies in the monarchy, which, from its position above the conflicting social elements, can mediate between them all, and avert the horrors of a socialist revolution. His work contains a vast amount of valuable information, admirably well digested, and, alike from its facts and its philosophy, must be of great service to all who are interested in the future of Europe.

*Muhammedanische Quelle zur Geschichte der Südlichen Küstenländer des Kaspischen Meeres, &c.* 1 Theil. St. Petersburg. 1850.—Mahometan Sources for the History of the Southern Coasts of the Caspian Sea. First Part. Schir-eddin's History of Tabaristan, Rujda, and Mascanderan. Persian text, edited by Dr. Dorn, Academician and Librarian in the Public Imperial Library. St. Petersburg: Press of the Imperial Academy of Sciences. 1850. Persian Text and Index. Pp. 643. German preface, pp. 46.—The geography and history of the well watered and wooded girdle of country which, separated from Persia proper by the mountain chain of Elburz, skirts the south of the Caspian Sea, has for a long time been the especial object of the editor, whose predilection for breaking a pathway into the unexplored regions of Asiatic ethnology and philology, has served excellently the material interests of his adopted country in those territories. First, during the present year, he published the History of Tabaristan, and of Serbedar, according to Hondemir, in Persian and German, a work which may be all the more regarded as the precursor of the present, since Schir-eddin, a native of Gilav, is the chief voucher of Hondemir. The history in question extends from the mythic times to the year 1476. In simple, sometimes incorrect style, it develops the fortunes of the dynasties and princes who had ruled that variously divided territory until the death of the author. The comprehensive preface describes in general the sources of this history, and especially those here published with the personal memoirs of the author, and gives an account of the principles of rendering the text, and of the manuscripts used as aids. The text is printed like that of Hondemir, after a St. Petersburg manuscript, and collated; where necessary, with one at Vienna. Appended are various read-

ings and critical remarks. The editor promises a German version, with explanations.—(*Literarisches Centralblatt.*)

LITERARY GOSSIP.

Miss E. A. DUPUY, the author of the novel, "The Conspirator," of the last season, has in preparation a new tale to be entitled "Trials and Triumph."

A book of European travels from the pen of G. W. Curtis, of this city, may shortly be expected from the press of the Harpers.

The new edition of the Writings of Daniel Webster, to comprise his various Political Speeches, Diplomatic Correspondence, Speeches at the Bar, Orations, &c., will extend to six or seven octavo volumes. It will be an important contribution to our national and historical literature.

Mr. D'Israeli is writing the Life of Lord George Bentinck, at the request of the Duke of Portland.

The original MS. of Waverley has been presented to the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh, by Mr. James Hall, brother of the late Captain Basil Hall, who paid forty guineas for it in 1831.

Henry Mayhew's Pictures of London Life as the Commissioner of the "Chronicle," are to be enlarged and published by him in weekly numbers, with the title, "London Labor and the London Poor: a Cyclopædia of the Social Condition and Economy of Those that Will Work, Those that Cannot Work, and Those that Will Not Work."

Messrs. Harper have received and will issue immediately a Holiday book by the author of "Mary Barton," entitled "The Christmas Fagot."

The Reminiscences, &c., of Lord Holland will appear from this house early in the new year.

The Journal des Debats of Nov. 21, contains the following card from the executors of Chateaubriand: "An article has been appended to the twelfth volume of the *Mémoires d'outre Tombe* of M. de Chateaubriand, which, under the title 'Postface,' contains remarks on the private life, habits, and conversation of M. and Mad. de Chateaubriand. The executors of M. de Chateaubriand, the persons charged by him with superintending the publication of the *Mémoires d'outre Tombe*, were enjoined the exact reproduction of the MS. This commission has been accomplished. The publication of the memoirs terminated at page 285 of the twelfth volume. The details, which have been appended to this twelfth volume under the title of 'Postface,' being a work extraneous to the memoirs, the testamentary executors declare that, far from having given it their *visa*, their wishes as well as their duty prevented them from having anything to do with its publication. They also wish to avoid discussion of its merit or correctness, M. de Chateaubriand having himself fixed the limit within which he wished to occupy the attention of the public with his private affairs."

A new periodical has just been commenced in London, *The Christian Socialist*, an organ of the new liberal and reforming class of things spiritual and temporal, of which we find extremely bold indications in the *Leader*, and in frequent articles of the *Westminster Review*. The *Leader* finds in this new journal, "clergymen, and the friends of clergymen, openly avowing they will fight the cause they hold as true, yea, even in the ranks of Chartists and Infidels; recognising truth even when propounded by their antagonists, and resolved to merge differences in the broad union of agreement." In one of its first numbers appears this spirited poem, from the pen of the author of "Alton Locke":—

THE DAY OF THE LORD.

The Day of the Lord is at hand, at hand;  
Its storms roll up the sky  
A nation sleeps starving on heaps of gold—  
All dreamers toss and sigh.  
When pain is sweet the child is born,  
And the night is darkest before the dawn  
Of the Day of the Lord at hand.

Gather you, gather you, Angels of God—  
Chivalry, Justice, and Truth—  
Come, for the Earth is grown coward and old,  
Come down and renew us her youth.  
Freedom, self-sacrifice, mercy, and love,  
Haste to the battle-field—stoop from above  
To the Day of the Lord at hand.

Gather you, gather you, hounds of hell;  
Famine, and plague, and war,  
Idleness, bigotry, cant, and misrule—  
Gather and fall in the snare.  
Hirelings and mammonites, pedants and knaves,  
Crawl to the battle-field, sneak to your graves  
In the Day of the Lord at hand.

Who would sit down and whine for a lost Age of Gold,  
While the Lord of Ages is here?  
True hearts will leap up at the trumpet of God,  
And those who can suffer, can dare.  
Each past Age of Gold was an Iron Age too:  
And the meekest of saints may find stern work to do  
In the Day of the Lord at hand.

The following beautiful lines, and the name of their author, deserve to be rescued from the oblivion into which they have fallen. The authorship is related in Boswell's Life of Johnson, from whence they are taken. "We came to Nairn to breakfast," says Boswell; "over the room where we sat, a girl was spinning wool with a great wheel, and singing an Erse song. Johnson then repeated these lines. I thought I had heard these lines before. JOHNSON.—I fancy not, sir; for they are in a detached poem, the name of which I do not remember, written by Giffard, a parson." Malone says that "the poem in which they are introduced has hitherto been undiscovered." "A sweeter stanza," remarks Southey, "was never composed." Here they are:—

"Verse sweetens toil, however rude the sound,  
All at her work the village maiden sings,  
Nor while she turns the giddy wheel around,  
Revolves the sad vicissitudes of things."  
(*Evening Post.*)

The following history of the English translation of Bettina Brentano's Conversations with Goethe is from the "Household Words," where it appears probably from one of the Howitts. The book was issued in this country; but the fact is not by any means certain, as stated, that it was thereby turned into cash; the present American system frequently operating as disadvantageously for reprints as for American copyrights:—"Most English people acquainted with modern German literature have heard of Bettina Brentano (Frau von Arnim), a name familiarly known in Germany, through her publication of *Goethe's Correspondence with a Child*. In 1835, in Berlin, this singular production of a most enthusiastic imagination issued from the press. The idolized poet has been pleased to say, that every line of Bettina's letters contained materials for a poem; he had read them daily; and, as everything that threw light, or promised to throw light, on aught appertaining or relating to Goethe was zealously sought for and cherished by his countrymen, this work was eagerly caught at and universally read throughout Germany. It is not our intention to comment on the publication. Many of our readers may have read it in the original: but it may be interesting to them to know how it fared with Bettina's earnest desire of appearing before the British public, as she had the three volumes translated in 1838, printed off seven thousand copies forthwith, in Berlin, at a cost of seven hundred pounds, and dispatched them to England, buoyed with the hope of a cordial reception on British ground. The adventures of the work may not also be devoid of general interest, as in them we have another proof of how hard our international restrictions tell upon individuals. To get the work translated at all Bettina had battled with difficulties against which only a will strong as her own, and her peculiarly sanguine temperament, could have held out; but no English person could she find to undertake the third volume of the 'Diary.' Still, bent, however, on carrying out her object, she continued the translation herself, with no further knowledge of our language than what she had acquired by comparing her German manuscript with the achievements of her translators, with which she appears to be anything but satisfied. To give any idea of the difficulties of such an undertaking, we must be allowed, presently, to quote what the author herself says in her preface, or preambles, as she terms it, and let a few extracts from the 'Diary' bear witness to her numerous perplexities. After much trouble and great expense the work was dispatched to England. The



British authorities honored its arrival by demanding a high import duty on the seven thousand copies, bearing no certificate of being printed in Prussia. After lengthy correspondence to and fro, they were sent back with fifty pounds cost of freight and warehousing. The Prussian custom-house, it is true, demanded a high import duty, which is nowise to be shirked. The catastrophe of these terrible adventures was, that, when the packages are opened, their contents are to be found utterly spoiled; which could hardly be otherwise, as the cases were not calculated for twelve years' sojourn in the damp of our London docks. Worst of all, while mildew and custom-house authorities were doing their worst upon poor Bettina's literary venture, her book was printed in America, and very coolly turned into cash for the enrichment of the pirates.

## LITERATURE, &amp;C., AT BUFFALO.

"BUFFALO, Dec. 9, 1830.

"Messrs. Editors:—The census of Buffalo, lately taken, affords us only about 42,000 inhabitants. We calculated on larger figures, but that didn't make any difference. It must be borne in mind that ours is a young city, and that young people are apt to imbibe the impression that they are larger than they really are. Well, although rather humiliated, we console ourselves with the consideration that we shall be larger—next time.

"The regular course of lectures in the medical department of the University commenced about four weeks ago. Upwards of a hundred students are in attendance, and the number is still increasing.

"We have had downright winter weather for three or four days, and the sleighing is comfortable. Navigation may be considered 'pretty much' closed; business operations are being measurably suspended, and the more intelligent portion of the citizens are turning their attention to the replenishment of their mental pockets.

"The opening lecture before the Young Men's Association was given on the 2d inst., by H. J. Raymond, Esq., of your city. Though on the trite subject of literature, it was replete with fresh and wholesome thoughts, was eloquently delivered, and received with almost interperate admiration. He was followed on the 6th by Bishop Timon of this city. Among the list of lecturers yet to be heard are Dr. Nott, Caleb Cushing, John P. Hale, G. P. R. James, Park Benjamin, Geo. M. Dallas, David Paul Brown, E. P. Whipple, and R. W. Emerson.

"The business of Messrs. Phinney & Co., I think, more than meets the anticipations they had on removing their house to this point. They are about to add one or two more presses to their establishment.

"Messrs. H. Derby & Co. will issue this week a 12mo. volume of lectures, by John C. Lord, D.D., of the Central Presbyterian Church, Buffalo. They are seven in number, and were delivered on sundry occasions, during the last ten or twelve years, before literary societies in colleges, and the Young Men's Association of this city. The doctor is ponderous in body and mind—one of your bold, strong thinkers, and battle-axe debaters; a little contrary on the subjects of Progress and Free Schools; decided, determined, and fearless in his sentiments; and usually found perspiring at the severing trunk of some sturdy and gnarled error. He has but little regard for commas and semicolons; is less stingy of words; and is a prodigal divine in thoughts. I think his lectures will be read.

"The same house are getting out a second edition of the Rev. Mr. Hines' History of the Oregon Mission. It treats largely on the history, geography, climate, productions, &c., of Oregon; and, in spite of some minor literary demerits, is having a rapid sale. People want facts in regard to the western territories, and where they can find them, they look with a charitable eye on slight transgressions in philology.

"The 'Noble Deeds of American Women,' announced several months since by this latter

house, will be out the last of February. There has been some unanticipated delay in the collection of material. The work has been prepared with a great deal of care; is being stereotyped by Messrs. Jewett, Thomas & Co.; will make an elegant 12mo. of about 400 pages; and is designed to be a candid and sober tribute to the many virtues of many of the mothers of the land.

"Yours, &amp;c.,

"J. C."

## THE LIGHTENED TREAD.

WHEN the hated touch of fever  
Presses on our eyelids down,  
Like the beams of summer noon-day  
On a meadow newly mown.

Throbs of pain rack heart and temples,  
Phantasy fills the aching head—  
Then, how like to pattering rain-drops,  
Seems to us a lightened tread.

Bending age, with locks like snow-wreaths,  
Softly, as the snow to earth,  
Moves within the muffled doorway  
Lighting up affection's hearth.

Early childhood, greatly sorrowing,  
With a grief beyond its years,  
Like May-lilies in the morning,  
Tries to smile amid the tears.

Like to storm-cloud, from the mountains,  
Seems Disease's garment dread,  
Lifted from the form it covers,  
When is heard Love's lightened tread.

EMILY HERRMANN.

## SPAIN.—I.

— "Spanien,  
Das schöne Land des Weins und des Gesanges."  
GOETHE.

BEAUTIFUL land of wine and song! once more  
Thy wild sierras meet my ardent gaze;  
While storied pictures of thine olden days,  
Frescoes of Memory's gallery, from the hoar  
Dust of neglect released, glow with new life:  
Fired by her patriot sons Saguntum flames  
A mighty altar; by like bloody strife  
Urged to like sacrifice, Numantia claims  
Distinguished honor; here New Carthage  
yields

Young Scipio the key to the broad land;  
There shrink Rome's hosts smote by the Vandal's  
hand;  
The Goth comes next; the Moor successive  
fields

Hail victor: Irving's vivid pen has traced  
His rout; may still by it Iberian themes be  
graced.

J. J. R.

Off Cape de Gat, 17th June, 1842.

## SPAIN.—II.

"Los festivos Españoles las (meses) pasan entre el  
agradable ocio, y las deliciosas funciones."—JOVELLANOS.

THE moon is raining diamonds on the deep;  
From spar and sail the pearly dew are  
dripping;

The playful porpoise, near our dark hull  
skipping,

Outstrips the languid night-winds as they creep.  
Where Almeria's battlemented keep  
Frowns o'er the city's walled inclosure, all  
Seems still as though Death triumphed, when  
her pall

Night stretched in sable folds from steep to steep.  
Yet certes there, in many a brilliant hall  
The young and gay make mirth till morning's peep,  
Or cheat with dance the hours foud claimed by  
sleep,

Where silvery beams on grove and garden fall;  
While light guitar and merry castanet  
Their country's woes and shame beguile them to  
forget.

J. J. R.

Off Almeria, 17th June, 1842.

## STANZAS.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

COME not, when I am dead,  
To drop thy foolish tears upon my grave,  
To trample round my fallen head,  
And vex the unhappy dust thou wouldst not  
save:

There let the wind sweep, and the plover cry;  
But go thou by.

Child, if it were thine error or thy crime,  
I care no longer, being all unblest;  
Wed whom thou wilt; but I am sick of time,  
And I desire to rest.  
Pass on, weak heart, and leave me where I lie.  
Go by—go by!—Keepsake, 1851.

## MR. BRYANT'S TRANSLATIONS.

[In the following "Notes of Correspondence" from the *Evening Post*, the reader will not fail to recognise the refined taste and handling of Mr. Bryant. The hexameters are highly felicitous.]

THE SIMILE AT THE CLOSE OF THE EIGHTH BOOK OF THE ILIAD.—A literary friend writes: "The famous simile by which Homer, at the close of the Eighth Book of the Iliad, illustrates the spectacle presented by the numerous fires kindled by the Trojans on the battle field, between the city and the shore, has not, that I can recollect, been rendered into hexameters. The following version, in such imperfect imitation of the original measure as the English language admits, is more faithful, I think, than that of Cowper, which seems to me, in one or two places, too paraphrastic:

"As when the stars of the night, encircling the moon in her brightness,  
Glitter on high, and the winds of the air have sunk into silence,  
Bright are the headland heights, and bright the peaks of the mountains,  
Bright are the vales, and, opening deep, the abysses of ether  
Sparkle with star after star, and the heart of the shepherd rejoices."

THE LOVE OF NATURE AMONG THE ANCIENTS AND THE MODERNS.—A correspondent says: "Reading an old German author the other day, I was struck with a remark which he made, quite incidentally to the topic he was discussing. It was this: '*Das ganze Alterthum kennt keine Freude an Natur*,' which means that none of the ancients took delight in nature. The observation was to me an original one, and running over in my mind such of the Greek and Latin authors as were accessible in my school-boy days, the truth of the remark was to that extent confirmed. You, who are so much more familiar doubtless than I am with the ancient bucolic poets, who were the most likely to have talked about nature, can tell me whether the old German's observation be true, and also whether this distinction between ancient and modern writers has been before noted. Pope and his school, among the English, have sometimes been accused of a want of this love for nature, but I had never heard that it was characteristic of antiquity."

The German, in our opinion, uttered a paradox. It is true enough that the love of nature—by which, we suppose, is meant the perception of the beauty or sublimity of natural scenery—does not seem to have been specially cultivated by the ancients. They had no books, that we are aware of, on landscape gardening, and no treatises like Price on the Picturesque; nor does their poetry contain any of those elaborately minute descriptions of external nature with which modern poetry abounds, often to weariness. But the love of nature is an essential element in poetry, and existed in great strength in all the great poets. Homer scarcely ever mentions any natural ob-



'eet without giving it some epithet which calls up a striking picture in the mind.

"Vale-darkening mountains and the dashing sea—"

we quote from Cowper's translation—is an example of this, and both the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, on every page, are full of them. Most of the similes by which he illustrates the incidents of his narrative are still more remarkable examples in point. Such is that in which a snow storm is described, gradually whitening the roofs of houses, the fields, the woods, and the mountains, and leaving the bays and the ocean dark under the clouds. What can indicate an intenser love of nature than the simile at the end of the Eighth Book of the *Iliad*, of which our readers will find a translation above, describing the beauty of a clear moonshiny and starry night, the rocks and mountains and vales bright in the radiance, and the heavens opening upwards, glittering with innumerable lights, while the shepherd who gazes rejoices in his heart. Nothing is said in the passage about the "useful light," as Pope impudently paraphrases it; the delight of the shepherd is awakened by the mere sight of the glorious spectacle he contemplates.

There are two other examples, which are sufficiently commonplace, but we must adduce them. The ode of Anacreon on the return of spring, is a description of the beauty of the season: the poet, with expressions of delight, bids us contemplate successively the flight of the clouds, the glorious sunshine, the return of the cranes, the opening of the flowers, the labors of the field resumed, &c. Another of his poems, the address to the grasshopper, tipsy with dew and prophesying the harvest, is less directly descriptive, but equally inspired by the strong love of nature.

We might go through the principal Greek and Latin poets one by one, and show that if there is any truth in the position quoted by our correspondent, it is truth enormously and palpably exaggerated. What we have said, however, is enough to show the real state of the question, and we have neither space nor leisure to pursue the subject any further.

**THE LOVE OF NATURE AMONG THE ANCIENTS.**—A literary correspondent writes: "The other day, in reading the saying quoted by one of your correspondents from an old German author, to the effect that ancient literature did not recognise the love of nature, the description of the grotto of Calypso, in the Fifth Book of Homer's *Odyssey*, occurred to me as an example demonstrating that the remark was erroneous. The passage has been charmingly translated by Pope, but with considerable dilution and addition. Here is a more faithful version in hexameters, which, if I had taken more pains, I could have made still nearer the original, without any sacrifice of ease or spirit. The poet is relating the visit of Mercury to Calypso:

"Now, when he reached, in his course, that isle far off in the ocean,  
Forth from the dark blue swell of the waves he stepped  
on the sea-beach.  
Onward he went till he came to the broad-roofed grot  
where the goddess  
Made her abode, the bright-haired nymph. In her dwelling  
he found her;  
There on the earth a huge fire glowed, and far through the  
island  
Floated the fume of frankincense and cedar-wood cloven  
and blazing.  
Meanwhile, sweetly her song was heard from the cave, as  
the shuttle  
Ran through the threads of her diligent hand, and her long  
web lengthened:  
All round the grotto a grove uprose, with its verdurous shad-  
ow,  
Alders and poplars together, and summits of sweet-smell-  
ing cypress,  
Midst them the broad-winged birds of the air built nests in  
the branches,

Falcons, and owls of the wood, and crows with far-sound-  
ing voices,  
Haunting the shores of the deep for their food. On the  
rock of the cavern  
Clambered a vine, in a rich wild growth, and heavy with  
clusters,  
Four clear streams from the cliff poured out their glitter-  
ing waters  
Near to each other; and wandered, meandering hither and  
thither,  
Round them lay meadows where violets glowed and the  
ivy o'er-mantled  
Earth with its verdure. A god, who here on the isle had  
descended,  
Well might wonder and gaze with delight on the beauty  
before him."

"This is a picture drawn by the hand of a master, a free hand, dealing in bold strokes. There is no allusion to art here; the very dwelling of the nymph is the work of nature. Observe how Homer individualizes. The different kinds of trees which surround the grotto of Calypso are distinguished; the birds that haunt their branches are named; the herbage of the meadows is particularized; and yet there is no elaboration, no tedious minuteness. How can a critic say that the poetry of the ancients does not recognise the love of nature, when in this passage Homer speaks of the beauty of a wild scene in one of the isles of the Grecian Sea, as so transcendent that it might detain even one of the gods in delight and admiration?"

#### REVIVALS.

[A paper by THACKERAY in the last number of "Punch."]

DEEPLY sensible I am, and ought to be, of the great privilege which I enjoyed a few days ago, of travelling from the Paddington Station to Didcot, in company with the Rev. Ingulphus Crabbe. The Rev. Ingulphus and I were schoolfellows, and though our lots in life have been very different—he being now senior tutor of St. Simeon's, as well as amateur father confessor to the Anglo-Catholic sisterhood of St. Bennett, and the editor (some think author) of those very successful Puseyite novels, *The Prie-Dieu*, *Secrets of the Oratory*, and *The Stake in the Country*, or *the Martyrs of Mount Street*—while I—but no matter for that—notwithstanding, I say, the difference in our positions, he is always very affable when we meet, and does not even scruple to converse with me on the present state of the nation, of which his views are, upon the whole, gloomy.

But I never remember to have heard him so very dismal as during our journey on this occasion. He kept drawing the most awful pictures of Infidelity stalking through the length and breadth of our Island, tearing down the reredosses, putting out the candles, refusing to join in the antiphonies, building churches without apses and *piscina*—of a latitudinarian clergy, with shirt-collars and whiskers—of the dreadful abandonment by the laity of the wholesome discipline of fasts and floggings—and the general indisposition to auricular confession—until I thought an old lady in the carriage would have gone into hysterics.

"Where is the holy and child-like faith of our ancestors?" he asked. "Who now endows a monastery, or settles his property in perpetuity on a chapter? No, sir, nowadays we establish model lodging-houses, and believe in the unintermitting water-supply and pipe-drainage. What has become of the blessed practice of pilgrimages? Instead of them we have excursion-trains. In place of praying at the shrine of our Lady of Walsingham, or walking on bare knees round the tomb of the blessed St. Thomas of Canterbury, our artisans are picture-seeing in the galleries of Hampton Court, or going to Southampton and back for three-and-sixpence."

This was the strain in which the Rev. Ingulphus indulged till we shook hands at Didcot; where he left us, and was received by two young *acolytes*, in pale faces, stiff cravats without ties, and long coats, one of whom meekly shouldered his carpet-bag, the work probably of one of the holy sisterhood of St. Bennett aforesaid (for I observed embroidered on it, in the early English style of crochet, a saint, with pointed feet and perpendicular hands, and an inscription in the orthodox and illegible character, familiar to the ecclesiologist on monumental brasses): while the other reverently charged himself with the breviary (bound in purple velvet, with *Moyen-age* clasps, and a cross *patinée* on the cover) with which the Rev. Ingulphus had been beguiling so much of his journey as had not been bestowed on the edifying discourse I have described.

After his departure I don't know whether I fell asleep or not, but I certainly had what Christopher Sly calls "an exposition of veneration," which I have no doubt did me much good, and which I will try to describe for the benefit of some of the latitudinarian readers of this publication.

My mind took a retrograde flight, in obedience to the impulse it had received from the Rev. Ingulphus. I felt myself backsliding, if I may say so, from present faiths and feelings, into past beliefs, past royalties, past pietisms.

My first sense was of the iniquity of adherence to the House of Hanover, and a lively impression of the awful sin of the Act of Succession, and the wilful wickedness of the Bill of Rights. I returned to my allegiance, and was at the feet of the Pretender, renouncing "the glorious, pious, and immortal memory," with great unction. Of course my religious creed changed with my political. I made a tremendous effort to stick fast at the High Tory, Tantivy, Church and King Protestantism of Juxon and Laud—but in vain—I was swept back—back into Queen Mary's blessed reign, and found myself shaking hands with Bishop Bonner, as we assisted at the roasting of a batch of heretics, somewhere near the present site of the Victoria Park, and congratulated each other on the prospects of the true faith.

Here I thought I was secure. But the impetus backwards was too strong, and (before I had time to take good note of the changes) I had already done duty to Woden, and cooked some scores of British captives *à la panier*, in honor of that fine old Anglo-Saxon divinity. But I couldn't stop there either; and the last thing I was conscious of, was making a desperate effort to stick a mistletoe bough into my cap, as I hurried a march of original Druids (the leader singularly resembling Lablache in *Oroveso*) round about the gigantic circle of Stonehenge, on our way to a human sacrifice.

Such was the effect on your humble servant of the Reverend Ingulphus's Theory of Developments—in the wrong direction.

#### THE CONFIRMED VALETUDINARIAN.

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

"CERTAINLY there is truth in the French saying, that there is no ill without something of good. What state more pitiable to the eye of a man of robust health than that of the Confirmed Valetudinarian? Indeed, there is no one who has a more profound pity for himself than your Valetudinarian; and yet he enjoys two of the most essential requisites for a happy life;—he is never without an object of interest, and he is perpetually in pursuit of hope.



"Our friend Sir George Malsain is a notable case in point: young, well born, rich, not ill-educated, and with some ability, they who knew him formerly, in what were called his 'gay days,' were accustomed to call him 'lucky dog,' and 'enviable fellow.' How shallow is the judgment of mortals! Never was a poor man so bored—nothing interested him. His constitution seemed so formed for longevity, and his condition so free from care, that he was likely to have a long time before him;—it is impossible to say how long that time seemed to him. Fortunately, from some accidental cause or other, he woke one morning and found himself ill; and, whether it was the fault of the doctor or himself, I cannot pretend to say, but he never got well again. His ailments became chronic; he fell into a poor way. From that time life has assumed to him a new aspect. Always occupied with himself, he is never bored. He may be sick, sad, suffering, but he has found his object in existence—he lives to be cured. His mind is fully occupied; his fancy eternally on the wing. Formerly he had travelled much, but without any pleasure in movement; he might as well have stayed at home. Now, when he travels, it is for an end; it is delightful to witness the cheerful alertness with which he sets about it. He is going down the Rhine;—for its scenery? Pah! he never cared a button about scenery; but he has great hopes of the waters at Kreuznach. He is going into Egypt;—to see the Pyramids? Stuff! the climate on the Nile is so good for the mucous membrane! Set him down at the dulllest of dull places, and he himself is never dull. The duller the place the better;—his physician has the more time to attend to him. When you meet him he smiles on you, and says, poor fellow, 'The doctor assures me that in two years I shall be quite set up.' He has said the same thing the last twenty years, and will say it the day before his death!

"What a variety of resources opens on the man in search of his cure! Modern science is so alluring to the invalid! My old school-fellow, Dick Dunderill, was the most ignorant of young men when he entered the world. Except the 'Cæsar' and 'Eutropius' that he dogs-eared at school, it is questionable if he had ever opened a book. But what talents lay dormant in that uncomprehended mind! what power of industry! what acumen in research! what quickness in combination! what energy in the pursuit of truth! All, I say, lay dormant, until he was seized with a mysterious affection of the liver. The ordinary course of medicine did him no good! nay, all the doctors differed as to the cause and nature of the complaint. Dick Dunderill resolved to take his own case in hand. He read for it—he studied for it; he visited the remote ends of the civilized world, for the sake of that afflicted liver. He has learned by heart all that has ever been written upon the human liver. He has consulted, argued with, puzzled, and triumphed over, the first medical authorities of Europe. He has walked the hospitals, and made himself a profound anatomist. He has toiled in laboratories, and mastered the secrets of chemistry. He has conferred with the disciples of Hahnemann, from the Kremlin to the Regent's Park; and knows all the *pros* and *cons* of homœopathy. He has spent a year at Graefenberg with Preissnitz; and no man will give you so sound an advice upon the properties of the water-cure. All the mineral baths that exist are familiar to him;—so are all climates, from Norway to Madeira. A better informed, a more accomplished intellect,

you will rarely meet with. True, he has done no good to the liver,—but what good the liver has done to him!

"He who has robust health cannot be said to enjoy his personal liberty. Your healthy man has so many claims upon his time and attention—a profession to follow up—or his estate to manage—or his household to regulate—or, at the best, a round of visits and engagements, which do not permit him a day to himself. But once enter into confirmed ill health, and you are emancipated from the tiresome obligations of existence; you become a separate entity, an independent monad; no longer conglomerated with the other atoms of the world.

"What a busy, anxious, fidgety creature Ned Worrell was! That iron frame supported all the business of all society! Every man who wanted anything done asked Ned Worrell to do it. And do it Ned Worrell did! You remember how feelingly he was wont to sigh, 'Upon my life, I'm a perfect slave.' But now Ned Worrell has snapped his chain; obstinate dyspepsia, and a prolonged nervous debility, have delivered him from the cares and cares of less privileged mortals. Not Ariel under the bough is more exempt from humanity than Edward Worrell. He is enjoined to be kept in a state of perfect repose, free from agitation, and hermetically shut out from grief. His wife pays his bills, and he is only permitted to see his banker's accounts when the balance in his favor is more than usually cheerful. His eldest daughter, an intelligent young lady, reads his letters, and only presents to him those which are calculated to make a pleasing impression. Call now on your old friend, on a question of life and death, to ask his advice, or request his interference—you may as well call on King Cheops under the Great Pyramid. The whole house-guard of tender females block the way.

"Mr. Worrell is not to be disturbed on any matter of business whatever."

"But, my dear ma'am, he is trustee to my marriage settlement; his signature is necessary to a transfer of my wife's fortune from those cursed railway shares. To-morrow they will be down at zero. We shall be ruined!"

"Mr. Worrell is in a sad, nervous way, and can't be disturbed, sir." And the door is shut in your face!

"It was after some such occurrence that I took into earnest consideration a certain sentiment of Plato's, which I own I had till then considered very inhuman; for that philosopher is far from being the tender and sensitive gentleman generally believed in by lovers and young ladies. Plato, in his 'Republic,' blames Herodius (one of the teachers of that great doctor, Hippocrates) for showing to delicate, sickly persons, the means whereby to prolong their valetudinary existence, as Herodius himself (naturally a very rickety fellow) had contrived to do. Plato accuses this physician of having thereby inflicted a malignant and wanton injury on these poor persons;—nay, not only an injury on them, but on all society. 'For,' argues this stern, broad-shouldered Athenian, 'how can people be virtuous who are always thinking of their own infirmities?' And therefore he opines, that if a sickly person cannot wholly recover health and become robust, the sooner he dies the better for himself and others! The wretch, too, might be base enough to marry, and have children as ailing as their father, and so injure, *in perpetuo*, the whole human race. Away with him!

"But, upon cool and dispassionate reflection, it seemed to me, angry as I was with Ned

Worrell, that Plato stretched the point a little too far; and certainly, in the present state of civilization, so sweeping a condemnation of the sickly would go far towards depopulating Europe. Celsus, for instance, classes amongst the delicate or sickly the greater part of the inhabitants of towns, and nearly all literary folks (*omnesque pene cupidi literarum*). And if we thus made away with the denizens of the towns, it would be attended with a great many inconveniences as to shopping, &c., be decidedly injurious to house property, and might greatly affect the state of the funds; while, without literary folks, we should be very dull in our healthy country seats, deprived of newspapers, novels, and 'The Keepsake.' Wherefore, on the whole, I think Herodius was right; and the sickly persons should not only be permitted but encouraged to live as long as they can.

"That proposition granted, if in this attempt to show that your Confirmed Valetudinarian is not so utterly miserable as he is held to be by those who throw physic to the dogs,—and that in some points he may be a decided gainer by his physical sufferings,—I have not wholly failed,—then I say, with the ingenious Author who devoted twenty years to a work 'On the Note of the Nightingale,'—I have not lived in vain!"—*Keepsake*, 1851.

#### FINE ARTS.

##### ANTIQUITIES FROM NICARAGUA.

THE ship Brewster, from the Pacific, entered this port a few days ago, freighted, amongst other things better known to the mercantile world, with some tons of ancient monuments from Nicaragua, recovered by our late minister, Mr. SQUIER, and presented by him to the Smithsonian Institution, at Washington. With other relics, previously forwarded by the same gentleman, they will constitute a very good beginning to the Grand American Archaeological Museum, projected under the auspices of the above institution. The monuments brought by the Brewster consist of six pieces of Aboriginal statuary, three of which were taken from the little island of Momotombita, in Lake Managua. The others were exhumed for Mr. SQUIER, by the Indians of Subtiaba, from their hidden depositories. One of these represents a warrior bearing a shield upon his arm, and has a head-dress representing some animal with distended jaws. The dress somewhat resembles that of some of the monuments at Copan, though less elaborate. The largest figure, which weighs upwards of a ton, is cut from black basalt, or trachytic rock, of intense hardness. The head is clearly and boldly sculptured, but the rest is rudely carved. There is no attempt at drapery, and there is reason to believe its worship was in some way associated with that of the Phallus. One of the statues, which is unfortunately broken in the middle, has a face of great dignity, well proportioned, and displaying no small advance in art. It has a head-dress very much resembling the Egyptian; projecting in a broad fold above the forehead, and falling in masses upon the shoulders. These are amongst the smaller and ruder monuments discovered by Mr. SQUIER. The more elaborate ones are much too large to be removed by any of the artificial appliances at command in the country. When communication is opened, some of these may yet be transported to Washington. Having obtained this starting stock, we trust the Smithsonian Institution will neglect no means to augment its collection. We conceive that an Archaeological Museum may be made one



of its most interesting features, for no public collection, worthy of mention, exists on the continent. Our deficiency in this respect has lately been made painfully striking, by the publication of a Catalogue of American Antiquities contained in the Museum of the Louvre, by M. de LONGPÉRIER, "*Conservateur des Antiques*." It extends over one hundred and thirty pages, and refers to upwards of one thousand valuable relics. French students, therefore, in comparative research, have advantages superior to those of our own country.

The American Antiquarian Society at Worcester has a fund of not far from \$20,000, set apart by its founder for a collection of this kind, but it has never been used. The collection of the Society is insignificant, and not worth visiting.

We observe from the following paragraph from the Paris correspondence of the *Journal of Commerce*, that the account of Mr. SQUIER's discoveries in Nicaragua, first published in this journal, has been translated by the venerable President of the Geographical Society of France, and printed in the Bulletin of the Society.

"The Bulletin of the Geographical Society just issued, contains a translation of the second and concluding part of Mr. Squier's communication on the discovery of ancient monuments in Nicaragua. An engraving is appended of the pieces of sculpture which he discovered. His explorations have already acquired for him an European reputation." (*Paris, Nov. 14, 1850.*)

#### BENJAMIN WEST AND THE NATIONAL MONUMENT.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 1, 1850.

GENTLEMEN:

Mr. Varnum, in his paper on the Washington Monument published in your last paper, quotes from a speech delivered in Congress by Mr. Huger in 1800:—"West, Trumbull, and other respectable artists, all preferred a mausoleum, such as was then proposed, of a pyramidal form, one hundred feet square, and of a proportionate height."

As West's views will be interesting to all engaged in the building of the monument, and will be read with pleasure by all Americans, I have carefully copied his letter to Rufus King, dated London, May 25, 1800, and inclose it for publication in your valuable paper.

The letter was published in the United States Gazette of December 22, 1800.

A SUBSCRIBER.

"LONDON, May 25, 1800.

"SIR:—Observing the resolutions passed by the United States of America, for removing the body of *George Washington* from the family vault to the city bearing his name, and their intention to raise an appropriate monument to his memory in that city, I thought the following observations, with the plan for a monument from me as an American, and one not altogether obscure in the elegant arts, might be acceptable to those in that country who are desirous of paying the last tribute to his memory, by a monumental record, placed in the Federal City.

"The raising of monuments to departed virtue has ever been an object of the first attention in all civilized countries, and no people ever had so proud an instance in doing this as the Americans, by raising one to true virtue and real worth, as that which presents itself to them in the character of General Washington, and that the placing of such records in public situations has ever been considered true policy, by all wise governments, for which the highways, squares, and circuses for such records have been preferred, we have the highest authority from the Egyptians, Grecians, and Romans. That the raising of a monument to the memory of General Washington, I believe, is the wish of all the civilized world. I do there-

fore recommend that the most durable form for such a monument be adopted; which is, that of the triangle or pyramid, and that its situation be the most conspicuous in the Federal City; its height one hundred and fifty feet, and its basis the same. The place or square, where it is erected, to be planted with trees to give inviting shade, and to be open to the public: this will afford the parent or tutor an opportunity to inculcate the virtues of that great man in the juvenile mind of their rising offspring. The inside of the pyramid has a conic cavity to save the expense in building, and at the same time gives as much strength as though solid; within that is built a rotundo, lighted from the top, in which is placed the pedestrian statue of the General in bronze, to be in height not less than seven feet, and round the rotundo eight basorelievos in the same metal, four containing military, and four civil subjects. In place of the frieze and dado round the rotundo, a groove to be cut to a considerable depth, in the same manner round the eight basorelievos. This will give a monumental simplicity, which belongs to its character, and the whole of the apartment to be the natural color of the stone with which it is built; one of the four entrances into the rotundo to be closed, for the place where the remains of that great man should be deposited in a stone coffin, which should be elevated, and under it a proper inscription. The three entrances which lead into the rotundo to have iron gates, to be opened on fixed days, for seeing the sepulchre. Such a monument would be an appropriate one to the exalted character of George Washington, and worthy the United States of America, to raise to his memory. It should stand pre-eminent in magnitude, as the character it records stood pre-eminent in virtue, as well as to give a taste to any monuments that may in future be erected; it will both adorn the city, and inspire the people with virtue from generation to generation, for some thousand years.

"The better to elucidate the construction of such a monument, I send you the plan, section, and elevation; they are geometrical, and laid down to a scale.

"The estimate of such a monument in erecting, the workmen in America will be able to ascertain, as the whole is to be of stone.

"The works of art, such as the statue and basorelievos, their expense will be ascertained in Europe, agreeable to similar works.

"I have the honor to be, with the highest respect,  
Sir, your most obedient and  
obliged servant,  
"BENJAMIN WEST.

"To his Excellency RUFUS KING,  
"Minister from the United States of America."

#### MUSIC.

THE chief event of the week has been the concert at Tripler Hall, given by M. Maretzek and his Troupe. The first took place on Saturday evening last to a very crowded room. Madlle. Parodi was of course the chief attraction, and sang several morceaux in her best style. She was in good voice, and produced a good impression on the audience, many of whom had taken advantage of the concert to hear her for the first time. Perhaps, though, a concert room is not the most advantageous place for exhibiting the powers of so dramatic an artist as this lady. Her great attraction, that forgetfulness of self, which is of such great value on the stage, is totally unappreciated here. Her version of *Di Tanti Palpiti* disappointed us; it was labored, and, to our feeling, ineffective. It was, however, received with much enthusiasm, and repeated. As the pupil of Pasta, with whom, wholly and solely, Tancredi is associated, perhaps we should regard this rendering of the air with more deference; but we must confess to hav-

ing been disappointed with it. But the most interesting performance was, of course, the aria from Halévy's *Tempesta*, written for Madlle. Parodi, and sung by her during the performances of the opera at Her Majesty's Theatre in London. Like all Halévy's music, it is *piquante*, but hard; still, hardness is often a condition of brilliancy, and we doubt not, that when sung in its due place in the opera, and with the aid of stage accessories, it would produce an admirable effect. Miss Virginia Whiting, a young lady of much promise, made her first appearance on this evening. With Madlle. Parodi, she sang *Deh con te*, discovering a voice of sweet quality, and tolerable compass, and gave afterwards part of a scena from Donizetti's *Roberto Devereux*. As a first appearance, not devoid of some natural nervousness, this was a very favorable début. Signor Lorini sang with Signor Novelli the duet from *Belisario*; the trio from *Don Giovanni* was also given, but, we must say, never did we hear it sung with more carelessness or indifference. A young gentleman, by the name of Saar, whose performance on the pianoforte we noticed a year or two ago, played a fantasia with a good deal of composure, and showed a very great advance since we last heard him. Herr Griebel, an admirable performer on the violin, who has lately come amongst us, deserves notice for his mastery over the chief difficulties of his instrument, and for what is more important, the penetrating sweetness of his tone.

Nothing has been performed at the Opera demanding notice, "*Ernani*" and "*Gemma di Vergy*" having been repeated. There is a rumor, we know not how correct, that the ground opposite the present Opera House has been purchased for \$75,000, for the erection of a large and splendid Opera House, in connexion with which the name of Mr. Lumley is used. We should imagine that that gentleman had sufficient on his hands in the management of the London and Paris Operas, and have, at present, no faith in his committal to any transatlantic enterprise.

#### THE DRAMA.

WE shall be exceedingly grateful to the managerial star, whenever it shall shift its sphere, and shine upon us from some new quarter of the theatrical sky: in other words, however benignant and contented audiences may be with the ancient dishes, critics require novelty—not only in form, but in substance. As far, therefore, as the original drama is concerned, we lay aside our pen for the week.

#### DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

The Duchess of Malfi, Webster's tragedy of horrors, and the delight of Charles Lamb for its imaginative terrors and bold inventions, has been produced at the Sadler's Wells Theatre—prepared for modern ears and eyes by the dramatist Horne. It was originally acted some time before 1619, and after the Restoration it was revived with success. The last time of its performance seems to have been in 1707. The *Times* thus notices the performance: "*The Duchess of Amalfi*, in Italy (corrupted to "*Malfi*"), secretly marries her own steward; and her brothers, a prince and a cardinal, by means of a hired miscreant, deliberately murder her, as a punishment for the stain on the family honor. Prior to her death, however, they visit her with a series of moral tortures. She is made to see a wax figure, which she takes for the corpse of her husband; all the inmates of a mad-house are turned loose about her to terrify her with their horrible antics, a funeral dirge is sung over her while she is still living, and at last her wind-



pipe is closed by the fatal cord. \* \* \* For the style in which the piece is produced the managers and actors of Sadler's Wells are entitled to all praise. Miss Glyn's performance of the Duchess is one of the most striking achievements of that rising actress. The scenes, intrinsically coarse, in which she makes love to her steward, were admirably softened by the playful spirit of coquetry which she infused into them. The soft passages of sorrow stole with mournful effect upon the naturally mirthful temperament, and when her wrongs aroused her alike to a sense of pain and dignity, her denunciations were terrific. Ferdinand is a less refined character than the Duchess, but the transition from malice to remorse was finely represented by Mr. Phelps, and Mr. G. Bennett is a thorough international villain in the part of Bosola. At the end the applause of the audience was loud, continuous, and unanimous, and Mr. Horne and all the chief actors were called."

Dickens, Jerrold, and their brother amateur actors, have performed at Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton's seat of Knebworth. The *Illustrated News* furnishes the following details: "The pieces selected for the three nights' entertainments were—'Every Man in his Humor,' with 'Animal Magnetism,' the first night; the farce changed for the last two nights for 'Turning the Tables.' On the first night the audience was composed of many of Sir Edward's tenantry, farmers, with boxom wives and daughters, and the tradespeople from the surrounding towns and villages of Hertfordshire. On the second night, Duchesses, Earls, Countesses, and Hertfordshire gentry abounded. On the third night, nobility also, with a free sprinkling of clergy, law, and medicine. We subjoin the cast of the comedy from the bill:—

"Knowell, Mr. Delmé Radcliffe; Edward Knowell, Mr. Henry Hawkins; Brainworm, Mr. Mark Lemon; George Downright, Mr. Frank Stone; Wellbred, Mr. Henry Hale; Kately, Mr. John Forster; Captain Bobadil, Mr. Charles Dickens; Thomas Cash, Mr. Frederick Dickens; Master Stephen, Mr. Douglas Jerrold; Master Matthew, Mr. John Leech; Oliver Cobb, Mr. Augustus Egg; Justice Clement, the Hon. Elliot York, M. P.; Roger Formal, Mr. Phantom; Dame Kately, Miss Ann Romer; Mistress Bridget, Miss Hogarth; Tib, Mrs. Mark Lemon (who most kindly consented to act, in lieu of Mrs. Charles Dickens, disabled by accident).

"The farce on Monday was 'Animal Magnetism,' the actors were Charles Dickens, Mark Lemon, John Leech, Augustus Egg, Miss Hogarth, and Miss Ann Romer. On Tuesday and Wednesday, 'Turning the Tables.'—

"Mr. Knibbs, Mr. Frank Stone; Jeremiah Bumps, Mr. Charles Dickens; Edgar de Courcy, Mr. Delmé Radcliffe; Thornton, Mr. Frederick Dickens; Jack Humphries, Mr. Mark Lemon; Miss Knibbs, Miss Hogarth; Mrs. Humphries, Miss Mark Lemon; Patty Larkins, Miss Ann Romer.

"The pieces on each night went off admirably. Never could there be more appreciating audiences. They truly, as the French have it, 'assisted at the play.' On the last night, introduced by a very pithy and right loyal compliment to the Queen, whose early act of her reign was the recognition of the claims of the lettered host—a compliment made and uttered by Charles Dickens—all the company sang 'God save the Queen,' the noble and gentle audience joining with most significant heartiness in the chorus. 'The play' at Knebworth will long remain a pleasant legend in Hert. Sir Edward acted the host right royally to his five hundred guests. On the morning of the last performance he presented Miss Ann Romer with a very beautiful bracelet, as a graceful memorial of the testimony of a man of highest genius to the ability of a young actress, destined, as we truly believe, to achieve for herself a very enviable reputation. It is long since we have seen such a pure, fresh, and enjoying bit of acting as her *Patty Larkins*. Poor Mrs. Orger herself would have applauded her."

## FACTS AND OPINIONS

### OF LITERATURE, SOCIETY, AND MOVEMENTS OF THE DAY.

MR. D. D. FIELD, the Law Commissioner in the preparation of the New Code in this State, has just returned from a short tour in Europe. At the request of the members of the Law Amendment Society of London, he appeared before that body, and made various full colloquial replies to questions propounded. The result was an evidently increased interest in our system of law administration. The "Chronicle" gives a clear resumé of the general reform, and recommends "that the Code of New York should be carefully and candidly examined; and that those portions of the work—and they are doubtless many—which challenge and demand unhesitating approval, should be embodied without delay in the laws of this land."

A meeting for the Reduction of Postage was held at the Merchants' Exchange on Saturday, at which several important statements and calculations were presented by Mr. Barnabas Bates. He pointed to the increasing revenue under the present reductions, and urged, on the example of Great Britain, and our own experience, a rate for letters of two cents, newspapers one cent, with a provision in the case of newspaper publishers prepaying the postage, of a discount of one half. These views were embodied in resolutions. They are somewhat beyond the recommendations of the Postmaster General in his report, though substantially what that report contemplates in the future. President Fillmore, it was stated, is in favor of the lowest rates. The financial argument in their favor is a good one, and certainly the moral argument, on the score of national unity and education, is undeniable.

The discourses on Thanksgiving Day touching upon the preservation of the Union, by Dr. Potts, Dr. Hawks, Dr. Krebs, and others, attracted considerable attention. That of Dr. Hawks, besides its bearing on this question, was an eloquent historical essay on the progress of national greatness, and the future destiny of the world under the controlling influence of America. The positions taken as to the English language and the course of Commerce, illustrated by rapid geographical summaries, were brought to bear powerfully on the duty of our country to the world.

It is stated that in consequence of the "Punch" policy on the Roman Catholic question, Mr. Richard Doyle, the author of the "Manners and Customs of the English," "Brown, Jones and Robinson," &c., being a Catholic, has resigned his engagement on that paper with a salary of £600 a year. His pleasant devices are things to be missed by the readers of "Punch."

It was JOHN RANDOLPH, and not JOHN C. CALHOUN, who originated and used the phrase, "a wise and masterly inactivity." MR. RANDOLPH used it in 1827, when there was a majority in the House of Representatives opposed to the Administration, and Randolph, being the leader to the opposition, advised his party, in a speech, "to throw in no medicine at all; to abstain; to observe 'a wise and masterly inactivity;'" and the same phrase occurs frequently in his speeches. JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke, was also the author, and not MR. JEFFERSON, of the declaration that the "Democracy in this country is the natural ally of slavery." And it was JOHN RANDOLPH who, as long ago as the Missouri agitation about slavery, declared, in earnest sincerity of heart, "I am persuaded that the cause of humanity to these unfortunates (slaves) has been put back a century—certainly a generation—by the unprincipled conduct of ambitious men, availing themselves of a good as well as a fanatical spirit in the nation."—(Cin. Gazette.)

Blackwood once illustrated the size of London by the remark, that it has one brewery to which a rise or fall in the price of beer of one halfpenny a pot makes a difference of forty thousand a year.

The two German travellers, Overbeck and Barth, who accompanied the expedition of Richardson to the interior of Africa, have been heard of. A report received at Berlin, dated the 16th August,

left them 300 miles southeast of Tripolis, where they intended to await the termination of the rainy season; they were preparing canoes, which can be carried by camels, and used to cross the rivers. The travellers are assisted by contributions both from the King and the Geographical Society of Berlin.

At a late meeting of the French Academy of Sciences, a paper was read by M. Currie on sea-sickness. In the communication M. Currie has pointed out the cause of sea-sickness. He has shown that it depends upon the movement of the intestinal canal, which floats, as it were, in the abdomen. It descends with every movement of the vessel, and then, ascending, pushes up the stomach and the diaphragm. His theory, well explained, was well received, and Magendie and Keraudien gave their assent to it. But his remedy was thought more ingenious than practicable. It was to breathe in with every downward movement of the vessel, and expire the air with its ascent. What seemed more easy, and is known to be more effectual, is the horizontal position in the middle of the ship, and a tight bandage over the abdomen.

"If some competent person," writes the *Evening Post*, "would make a collection of the biographies of illustrious misers, it would form a volume of rare interest and instructiveness. Two remarkable subjects for such a work have recently become notorious. We refer to McDonough, of Louisiana, and Strawn, of Illinois. Another case, scarcely less remarkable than either of these, has recently attracted the attention of the people of Ohio. An old beggar woman, by the name of Elizabeth Morelock, lately died in the city of Cincinnati, as everybody supposed, in a state of extreme destitution. On the night of her death, a lighted candle was placed upon a stand beside her bed, her idiot daughter, a frightful hunchback, being the only attendant—though a part of the time the physician was present. The old woman opened her eyes, and perceiving the burning candle, ordered it to be blown out, saying that she could not afford it. When she was taken sick she ordered the chest, which was, after death, found to contain nearly four thousand dollars in gold, to be placed near her bed, and she kept it within reach of her arms during the whole of her sickness. When the death-struggle came on, and she was told she must die, she flung herself upon the chest, and clawed at it, in a phrensy of avarice, until she tore the very nails from her fingers; and while thus embracing her treasure, her spirit took its flight. An old stove in the room was found, after her death, to contain a considerable amount of silver and copper coin, carefully stowed away. The money and effects have been placed in the hands of an executor, appointed by the court. In 1840, when small change was scarce, this woman made a handsome speculation by selling the small coins accumulated by the beggary of herself and her idiot daughter. The latter was generally flogged upon her return at night, when she did not make a good day's work, and always whipped before she was sent out in the morning. The cries of the poor creature, while under the lash of her avaricious mother, have frequently excited the indignation of the neighborhood. The poor idiot herself was afterwards attacked by the cholera, and is now, probably, numbered with the dead."

"The recent report," says the London *Athenæum*, "of the arrival in Scotland of carrier pigeons taken out by Sir John Ross—though contradicted as far as Sir John's property in them is concerned—is yet sufficiently interesting, as involving certain facts in the habits of those birds, to have induced us to be at some pains to collect information on the subject. It appears that a long and careful training is necessary before the birds are considered educated. Their first flights are limited to a few miles,—increasing to sixty or eighty, which is about the extent of their performances during their first season. In the next their flights are longer; and there is one instance on record of their having travelled 600 miles. This was in 1844; when 200 of these birds were liberated at St. Sebastian, in Spain, and seventy of them flew to Vervier.

The late Bishop of Norwich, in his 'History of Birds,' relates that 'fifty-six pigeons' were brought over from a part of Holland, where they are much attended to, and turned out from London at half past four in the morning. They all reached their dove-cotes at home by noon; but one favorite pigeon, called Napoleon, arrived about a quarter after ten o'clock, having performed the distance of 300 miles at the rate of above fifty miles an hour, supposing he lost not a moment, and proceeded in a straight line.' It appears from various trials that the possible flight of a carrier pigeon is about sixty miles an hour: and thus, presuming that Sir John Ross had liberated his birds from the place where he was last seen—which is 2,000 miles from Scotland—the birds must have flown for thirty-three hours and twenty minutes at that rate to reach their dove-cote. But we are informed that carrier pigeons never travel during night. A trainer of great experience states that he never knew an instance of a carrier pigeon returning after dusk. Foggy weather is also very unfavorable; and the Belgians, who are great pigeon trainers, declare that the birds always perform better when flying from south to north. It is the opinion of a gentleman who has had great experience in the training of carrier pigeons that no birds of this description could fly from Lancaster Sound or Davis's Straits to England: and he states that even to make them fly across the Channel—as, for instance, from London to Antwerp—it is necessary to accustom them by short flights to the sea."

Major Pendennis, in Thackeray's capital novel, finds out that "the men are not such as they used to be in his time: the old grand manner and courtly grace of life are gone; what is Castlewood House and the present Castlewood, compared to the magnificence of the old mansion and owner? The late lord came to London with four post-chaises and sixteen horses: all the north road hurried out to look at his cavalcade: the people in London streets even stopped as the procession passed them. The present lord travels with five bagmen in a railway carriage, and sneaks away from the station, smoking a cigar in a Brougham. The late lord in autumn filled Castlewood with company, who drank claret till midnight: the present man buries himself in a Scotch mountain, and passes November in two or three closets in an entresol at Paris, where his amusements are a dinner at a café, and a box at a little theatre. What a contrast there is between his Lady Lorraine, the Regent's Lady Lorraine, and her little ladyship of the present era. He figures to himself the first, beautiful, gorgeous, magnificent in diamonds and velvets, daring in rouge, the wits of the world (the old wits, the old polished gentlemen,—not the *canaille* of to-day, with their language of the cab-stand, and their coats smelling of smoke) bowing at her feet; and then thinks of to-day's Lady Lorraine—a little woman in a black silk gown, like a governess, who talks astronomy, and laboring classes, and emigration, and the deuce knows what, and lurks to church at eight o'clock in the morning. Abbot's Lorraine, that used to be the noblest house in the country, is turned into a monastery, a regular La Trappe! They don't drink two glasses of wine after dinner, and every other man at table is a country curate with a white neck-cloth, whose talk is about Polly Higson's progress at school, or Widow Watkin's lumbago. 'And the other young men, those lounging guardsmen and great lazy dandies—sprawling over sofas and billiard tables, and stealing off to smoke pipes in each other's bedrooms, caring for nothing, reverencing nothing, not even an old gentleman who has known their fathers and their betters, not even a pretty woman—what a difference there is between these men, who poison the very turnips and stubble-fields with their tobacco, and the gentlemen of our time!' thinks the Major: 'the breed is gone—there's no use for 'em; they're replaced by a parcel of damned cotton spinners and utilitarians, and young sprigs of parsons with their hair combed down their backs. I'm getting old; they're getting past me. They laugh at us old boys,' thought old Pendennis. And he was not far

wrong: the times and manners which he admired were pretty nearly gone; the gay young men 'larked' him irreverently, whilst the serious youth had a grave pity and wonder at him, which would have been even more painful to bear, had the old gentleman been aware of its extent."

Dickens complained in his *American Notes* of the want of street musicians; but if we may judge from a pleasant paper from his pen in *Household Words*, he has now satisfied the sentiment. "A voice from a Quiet Street," though dramatically conveyed, has the air of experience:—"Three days ago, sir, I returned to town with my friend and collaborateur, Jones. We are writing a three act drama of intense and appalling interest. \* \* \* Well, sir, no sooner had the breakfast things been cleared away, and we were engaged upon the opening scene—a chorus of peasants and peasantesses, I need hardly say—than we were alarmed by a frightful noise outside the window. It was impossible to continue our work while it lasted, so I went to the window to see what was the matter. Will it be believed? Three individuals were standing on each other's heads, and from each of the arms of the topmost, two infants of tender years were suspended. A mob of butcher boys, servant maids, policemen, and other unemployed persons, were shouting with rapturous applause around them. The imminent peril of our melodrama demanded that we should do something vigorous. We accordingly sent out the servant-of-all-work, as a deputation, with a shilling, and a request that they would 'move on,' as there was a gentleman in the house afflicted with lumbago. It had the desired effect—the donative, not the message—and we thought we were free. Fallacious hope! We had scarcely set to work again, and had got one of the peasants in the drama again upon his knees, offering a rose to his beloved, and pointing to a distant cottage on the Rhine, when a more terrible noise invaded our ears. This time it was a 'Punch.' \* \* \* Well, sir, we had no sooner congratulated ourselves on the termination of this disgraceful scene, when an individual habited in a Turkish garb came into the street, to swallow a sword and to balance a walking stick on his copper colored nose. Neither sixpences, nor shillings, nor protestations could get rid of this infernal oriental, who—in perfectly good English—informed us that he had not been that way for a whole fortnight, and that he really *must* perform. It was in vain that we requested him to retire—if not to his own country, and the smiling babes he had left behind him either in Damascus or in Houndsditch—at all events, lower down the street. He was inexorable, and for full twenty minutes large pebbles and other heavy articles seemed to disappear down his capacious throat, and were brought up again before our reluctant eyes. He was succeeded by a Hindoo chieftain, who danced the national war dance, howling at the same time the national war song, upon a deal plank two feet square. At half past one, we had a Fantoccini; at three, a performance of Ethiopian serenaders; at four, a select band of Scottish youths to execute the fling; interspersed at intervals with barrel organs, organs upon wheels, brass bands, violinists, flute players, and every other kind of known and unknown musicians. Now, sir, just to show you the effect that these accursed artists have had upon one of the most promising dramatic pieces of the season, take this passage as I find it written in my MS.:—*Bertram*. Beloved Anna, cast not upon me that contemptuous look. The false Ferdinand loves thee not. Oh! say, charmer, wilt thou be mine?—*Anna* (*sobbing tenderly*). Curse that Turk!"

The *Merchant's Magazine* supplies us with this curious instance of jocular trade legislation in Prussia:—"Herr von der Heydt, the Minister of Commerce, is one of the loudest advocates of the old absurd guild laws, which are enacted with greater severity in Prussia than in any other part of the continent. These laws, however, are becoming too absurd to be tolerated much longer in a serious state like Prussia. The confectioners of Breslau lately complained that the common bakers

bake sweet cakes, and that they trespass upon the privileges of the pastrycook and confectioner in so doing. The grave and learned magistrates of the city, appealed to, to decide the question, naturally required the bakers to produce samples of their ware. The court was regaled with a variety of pies and patties, all of which were nibbled at by the bench, who then seriously decided that the cakes were cakes and not bread, and that the bakers of Breslau were in future to confine themselves to the production of cakes made with yeast. Sugar is prohibited in the Breslau bakehouses, and the little children must henceforth wander to the privileged but dearer shops for their cakes and tarts. The scene in court with the reverend judges tasting the bakers' confectionery is a fit subject for the pencil of a Doyle or a Leech. Can anything be more ridiculous or foolish? It puts one in mind of King Frederick William II., who, in 1717, prohibited the wearing of wooden shoes and slippers, because it injured the trade of the shoemakers, and ordered all such offensive articles to be seized and burned. The magistrates of that day were ordered to visit the villages under their jurisdiction, once every quarter, to search for wooden shoes and slippers, under pain of incurring a penalty of 200 ducats."

Thus celebrates the Paris correspondent of the London Atlas a *sonvenir* of the *Mysteries of Paris*:—"The Queen of Mabilles, the sovereign of the Chaumière, the Empress of the Prado—poor Rigolette—is gone! She danced on Thursday night all life and gaiety at the Closerie; she supped at the *Maison Dorée*, and was the very soul of the party, and none who beheld her then, brilliant, gay, and animated with champagne and admiration, could have imagined that we should so soon have to record her melancholy death. But once she was observed, when called upon for a toast towards the end of the repast, to place her hand upon her brow, as if searching for one in her memory which should outdo in *dévergondage* those already given by her companions; and when she rose, with her glass filled to the brim, she said, in a faltering tone, 'To this my last rejoicing, and may ye often meet in merriment when I am gone.' They rallied her upon the lugubrious sentiment, but she insisted on their drinking it, notwithstanding, and resumed her old mad gaiety. She was led home at daybreak by the joyous band, and on her own threshold was pressed to name the place where she would next be seen. Saturday was the day proposed, and they promised to come and fetch her at any hour she might appoint. 'Will you all promise to come?' exclaimed she, as she turned towards the band of friends yet standing without. Each one gave the pledge. 'Then on Saturday at Père la Chaise,' exclaimed she, as she closed the door, and left them to depart, wondering what new caprice had seized upon Rigolette to choose this gloomy place of meeting. It appears that she mounted the stairs with as light a step as ever, telling her maid that she would not require her services that night; and, as soon as the maid had disappeared, had lighted the *rechaud*, kept for ironing in her dressing room, and having carefully stopped each crevice by which the air might have entered, had laid herself on the bed in all her finery, torn and disordered from the orgies of the night before, and breathed her soul away unheeded and alone. The story of her debts and difficulties is absurd and false. Had she but expressed a wish for pecuniary aid she would have found it on the instant. The hearts and purses of *le jeune Paris* were ever open to her liege lady. Those in the secret declare that the empress who had so long ruled over her conquered hordes, had at last found a conqueror herself, and that the son of the great Brussels banker, who had given her cause to believe in his eternal love, had suddenly left Paris, after a slight quarrel, and that, upon her hurrying after him to Brussels to seek a reconciliation, she had there been apprised of his departure for Brazil by his father's command. But the whole affair is mere conjecture, for she never breathed to any living soul either the depth or earnestness of her attachment to Monsieur C—. One would think the moral of the tale complete. Well, there



is yet another. In spite of promises, not one of the summoned guests appeared at the rendezvous, and poor Rigolette entered Père la Chaise alone on Saturday, without any other retinue than the porter of the house in which she died."

## VARIETIES.

FOR THE LITERARY WORLD, FROM THE NOTE BOOK OF AN AMATEUR.

## Second Batch.

## PUNCHIANA.

"EVERY road," says the ancient proverb, "leads to Rome." But of all roads none will take you there so quickly as the small Tracts that run through Oxford.

If Cardinal Wiseman is allowed to retain his present papal appointment, we recommend that he be always addressed and alluded to as "The Archbishop of Westminster, by Hook and by Crook."

A CONUNDRUM, MADE BY A LITTLE BOY ONLY SEVEN YEARS OF AGE.—Why is an umbrella like a Scotch shower? Because the moment it rains it's missed.

Hood was the parent of that unconscious remark of the child of a drunkard who was said to take after his father. "Ah, father leaves nothing afterwards to take."

A naval captain at a ball at Plymouth received a suggestion from a lady with whom he was dancing as to the possible propriety of gloves. "Yes, madam, but it makes no difference. I can wash my hands after I have done!"

It was Chapman, the Philadelphia surgeon, rang the bell and said that good thing at the expense of Norton, the player on the trumpet, who, with his back to the chimney, was spreading himself and covering the hearth to the exclusion of the company—"Waiter, I say, take that blower from the fire."

Charles Lamb, at a dinner where the company had been much annoyed by the presence of children, gave as a sentiment, when called upon,—"The mu-much ca-ca-luminated good King Herod!"

Sheridan celebrates the felicity of army husbands—a man who "may wed you to-day and be sent the Lord knows where before night; then in a twelvemonth, perhaps, come home like a Colossus, with one leg at New York and the other at Chelsea Hospital."

Many of our modern criticisms on the works of our elder writers, says Coleridge, remind me of the counsellor, who, taking up a small cabinet picture, railed most eloquently at the absurd caprice of the artist in painting a horse sprawling. "Excuse me, Sir," replied the owner of the piece, "you hold it the wrong way: it is a horse galloping."

"Have you ever broken a horse?" inquired a horse-jockey. "No, not exactly," replied Simon, "but I've broken three or four wagons."

Mrs. Partington, noticing the recent death of Mr. Kyan, the well known inventor, is anxious to know if he is the person who invented kyan pepper.

A Yankee editor remarked in a polemical article, that though he would not call his opponent a liar, he must say, that if the gentleman had intended to state what was utterly false, he had been remarkably successful in his attempt.

A poor widow woman was relating to a neighbor how fond her husband was of having a good fire; how busy he would make himself in fixing it so it would burn. "Ah, poor dear man," she continued, "I hope he has gone to a place where they keep good fires."

A Norfolk farmer, not accustomed to literary composition or letter writing, having lost a new hat at a county meeting, and inquired into its possible mistaking, addressed the following grammatical note to its supposed possessor:—"Mr. A. presents his compliments to Mr. B., I have got a hat which is not his, If he have got a hat which is not yours, no doubt they are the missing one."

The editress of the Lancaster Literary Gazette says, she would as soon nestle her nose in a rat's nest of swingle tow, as allow a man with whiskers to kiss her. (It is as well to give both opinions in any two-sided matter; and we add to the above the Spanish proverb, "A kiss without a moustache is an egg without salt."—*London Family Herald*.) We opine that the "salt" would be furnished by the lady.

GEOGRAPHY FOR YOUNG LADIES.—"Where's Hatcham?" inquired a young lady, upon meeting with the name of that town in a newspaper. "Why you stupid!" indignantly exclaimed her brother, "Hatcham is the first stage after Egham to be sure," and the young lady believed it.—*Punch*.

"So, there's been another rupture of Mount Vociferous!" said Mrs. Partington, as she put down her paper and put up her specs. "The paper tells all about the burning lather running down the mountains, but it don't tell us how it was set fire to. There are many people full wicked enough to do it; or perhaps it was caused by children playing with friction matches. I wish they had sent for our fire-brigade, they would soon have stopped the raging aliment; and I dare say Mr. Braidwood and all on 'em would have gone, for they are what I call real civil engineers. Perhaps, Townsend's sauce and prunella might prove a cure for such ruptions."

Lord Caernarvon defined "timber" as "an exorcism on the face of the earth, placed there by Providence for the payment of debts."

Lady Townsend was asked if Whitfield had recanted. "No," said she, "he has only canted."

"With knowledge sorrow increases," as the flat said when he found that he had drawn a blank in the lottery.

A good sermon is like a kiss. It requires but two heads and an application.

It is said that Barnum is in full chase of a chap who helped his own wife at the dinner table, in preference to another lady.

A girl in Pittsfield was struck dumb by the firing of a cannon. A number of married men have in consequence invited the artillery companies to parade upon their premises.

Dr. Pease was once at a dinner, when just as the cloth was removed, the subject of discourse chanced to be that of extraordinary mortality among the barristers. "We have lost," said a gentleman, "six eminent barristers in six months." The dean, who was quite deaf, rose at this moment, and gave the company grace—"For this and every other mercy, make us truly thankful."

"I'm getting up in the world," as the gudgeon said when drawn out of the water.

A letter passed through the Shields Post-office, a short time ago, "For Betsy Robinson, a Scotch woman with One Eye, Carey Bank, North Shields."

"How is your son to-day?" asked a friend of a stock-broker. "Very bad," replied the old gentleman, striving to compose his agitated features; "very bad indeed! I would not give ten per cent. for his chance of life."

"You had better ask for manners than money," said a finely-dressed gentleman to a beggar boy, who had asked for alms. "I asked for what I thought you had the most of," was the boy's reply.

Matches are made in heaven. Yes, was the reply, and they are sometimes dipped in the other place.

Nay, dearest Anna! why so grave!

I said you had no soul, 'tis true:

For what you are, you cannot have—

'Tis I, that have one, since I first had you.

(Coleridge.)

## THE DUTCHMAN'S SCHEDULE.

I've got a pig cat, and I've got a pig tog,

I've got a pig calf, and I've got a pig hog,

I've got a pig baby so pig and so tall,

And I've got a pig wife dat's pigger dan all.

Young ladies are like arrows, they are all in a quiver when the beans come, and can't go off without them.

The lady whose dress was too dirty to wear and not dirty enough to be washed, had a matter of serious import to decide.

Strange questions are agitated in the debating clubs down East. The last was, What is the difference between a fac simile and a sick family? And the next will be, What is the difference between the bridge of sighs and the size of a bridge?

The following excessively rich and indubitably genuine letter is extracted from the "*Buffalo Wool-Grower*:"

MR. T. C. PETERS—DEAR SIR: This comes from a friend, although you may not think so. I have had pity for you, but no longer will help you, by taking your Wool Grower or Magazine. The fault is this: it is not worth anything to no man. You must think little of America, when you state in your columns, that this country is unable to fill the void that death made when President Taylor became its victim. However, this tells me what sort of a man you are. To see this and to hear you at Pavillion Centre one night, when you stood in the Church, and spoke a deal of D—No. Also, you have sent me two August No. 5, but no September No. at all, and as for your stoves and grindstones, and all such stuff, I want none of it. T. J. Dudley may pay you for it, for I will not, I have got six papers, May, June, July, two August, and October, and you have got the pay for twelve. You are welcome to it, and I will send you the six I have got, as I don't want them. Be sure to send no more. Yours, &c.,

JAMES G. BOYD.

PAVILLION CENTRE, Oct. 28th, 1850.

## PUBLISHERS' CIRCULAR.

To Readers and Correspondents.—B. W. B. received, and on file for insertion. Also E. N.

Publishers of all newspapers in the State of New York, are requested to send to the Secretary of State two copies of each newspaper published by them on the 1st of January, 1851, or the earliest publication after that time: one copy to be deposited in the State Library, and the other to be sent to the World's Fair.

## LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

G. P. R. JAMES AND THE AMERICAN MAGAZINES.—A statement having appeared in the journals that "all announcements of Mr. James being engaged for any other periodical than *Graham's Magazine*, are entirely without his consent," Stringer and Townsend announce that they will satisfy any curiosity on the subject, by the exhibition, at their publishing house, 222 Broadway, of a document drawn up by Mr. James's attorneys, and signed by Mr. James and themselves, in the presence of John Jay, Esq., entitled as follows:—

"Memorandum of an agreement made and entered into, at the city of New York, on the twelfth day of October, in the year eighteen hundred and fifty, between G. P. R. James, Esq., of Surrey, in the Kingdom of Great Britain, of the one part, and James Stringer and William A. Townsend, of the said city of New York, publishers, of the other part, in reference to the publication, in America, in monthly parts, of a new romance by Mr. James, entitled *The Story without a Name*. . . the said romance to be furnished by Mr. James to Messrs. Stringer & Townsend in manuscript," &c., &c.

The second part of this work (believed to be one of the best Mr. James has ever written) will appear in the *International Magazine*, for January, from the autograph of the distinguished author.

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LIST OF BOOKS PUBLISHED IN THE UNITED STATES FROM THE 30TH NOVEMBER 'TO THE 14TH OF DECEMBER.

- Burns (R.)—Complete Works. Edited by Allan Cunningham. 8vo. pp. 342 (Philadelphia, Geo. S. Appleton).
- Balmes (Rev. J.)—Protestantism and Catholicity Compared in their Effects on the Civilization of Europe. From the Spanish. 8vo. pp. 501 (Balt., John Murphy & Co.).
- Castanis (C. P.)—The Greek Exile; or, a Narrative of the Captivity and Escape of. 12mo. (Phila., Lippincott, Grambo & Co.).
- Chivers (T. H., M.D.)—Eonchs of Ruby. A Gift of Love. 12mo. pp. 163 (N. Y., Spalding & Shepard).
- Commencement of Columbia College, N. Y., Oct. 1850. 8vo. pp. 14.
- Cooper (J. F.)—Leather-Stocking Tales. Vol. 3. The Pathfinder. 16mo. pp. 515. (G. P. Putnam.)
- Cunningham (J. W.)—The Velvet Cushion. 8vo. pp. 174 (Stanford & Swords).
- Catalogue of the Officers and Students of Columbia College, with the Graduates since 1844. 8vo. pp. 22. Published by the Senior Class.
- Catalogue of the Officers and Students of Brown University, 1850-51. Pp. 40. (Providence, Printed by John P. Moore).
- Dewett (Susan J.)—The Rosebud. 12mo. pp. 198 (Phila., Geo. S. Appleton).
- Dickens (C.)—David Copperfield, with Illustrations. Vol. 2. 12mo. pp. 454 (Putnam).
- Fadette. A Domestic Story, from the French. By Matilda M. Hays. 12mo. pp. 309 (G. P. Putnam).
- Gift for Young Ladies. By Emily Vernon. 32mo. pp. 124 (Hartford, W. J. Hamersley).
- Gould (Hannah F.)—The Youth's Coronet. 12mo. pp. 200 (D. Appleton & Co.).
- Hall (A. Oakley).—The Manhattaner in New Orleans; or, Phases of "Crescent City" Life. 1 vol. 12mo. pp. 190 (J. S. Redfield).
- Hack (Maria).—Winter Evenings; or, Tales of Travellers. 12mo. pp. 438 (Phila., Geo. S. Appleton).
- Hannay (James).—Singletons Fontenoy. 8vo. pp. 148 (Harper & Bros.).
- Kendrick (A. C.)—Greek Ollendorff; being a Progressive Exhibition of the Principles of the Greek Grammar. 12mo. pp. 371 (D. Appleton & Co.).
- Knight (Mrs. H. C.)—A New Memoir of Hannah More; or, Life in Hall and Cottage. 18mo. pp. 311 (M. W. Dodd).
- Leuchars (R. B.)—A Practical Treatise on Hothouses, with Engravings. 12mo. pp. 366 (Boston, J. P. Jewett & Co.).
- Rickey (Anna S.)—Forest Flowers of the West. 12mo. pp. 138 (Phila., Lindsay & Blakiston).
- Richard Edney and the Governor's Family. 12mo. pp. 468 (Boston, Phillips, Sampson & Co.).
- Scenes in the Life of the Saviour, by the Poets and Painters. Edited by R. W. Griswold. Illustrated, 12mo. pp. 240 (Phila., Lindsay & Blakiston).
- Sigourney (Mrs. L. H.)—Whisper to a Bride. 2d edition. 18mo. pp. 89 (Hartford, Wm. J. Hamersley).
- Smith (Mrs. S. H.)—Alice Singleton; or, the Fashion of this World Passeth Away. 12mo. pp. 86 (John Wiley).
- Sumner (Charles).—Orations and Speeches. 2 vols. 18mo. pp. 410, 482 (Boston, Ticknor, Reed & Fields).
- Thackeray (W. M.)—History of Pendennis. No. 7 (Harper & Bros.).
- The British and Foreign Medico-Chirurgical Review. No. XII. October. (R. & G. S. Wood).
- Thompson (Joseph P.)—The Fugitive Slave Law, tried by the Old and New Testaments. 8vo. pp. 35. (New York, Mark H. Newman & Co.).
- Treasured Thoughts, from Favorite Authors, collected and arranged by Caroline May. 12mo. pp. 336 (Philadelphia, Lindsay & Blakiston).
- U. S. Monthly Law Magazine and Examiner. Vol. III. No. 1. January, 1850. J. Livingston.)
- Wainwright (J. M., D.D.)—The Pathways and Abiding Places of Our Lord; illustrated in the Journal of a Tour through the Land of Promise. 4to. pp. 196 (D. Appleton & Co.).
- Williams (F.)—The Lattreila. 8vo. (Harpers).

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